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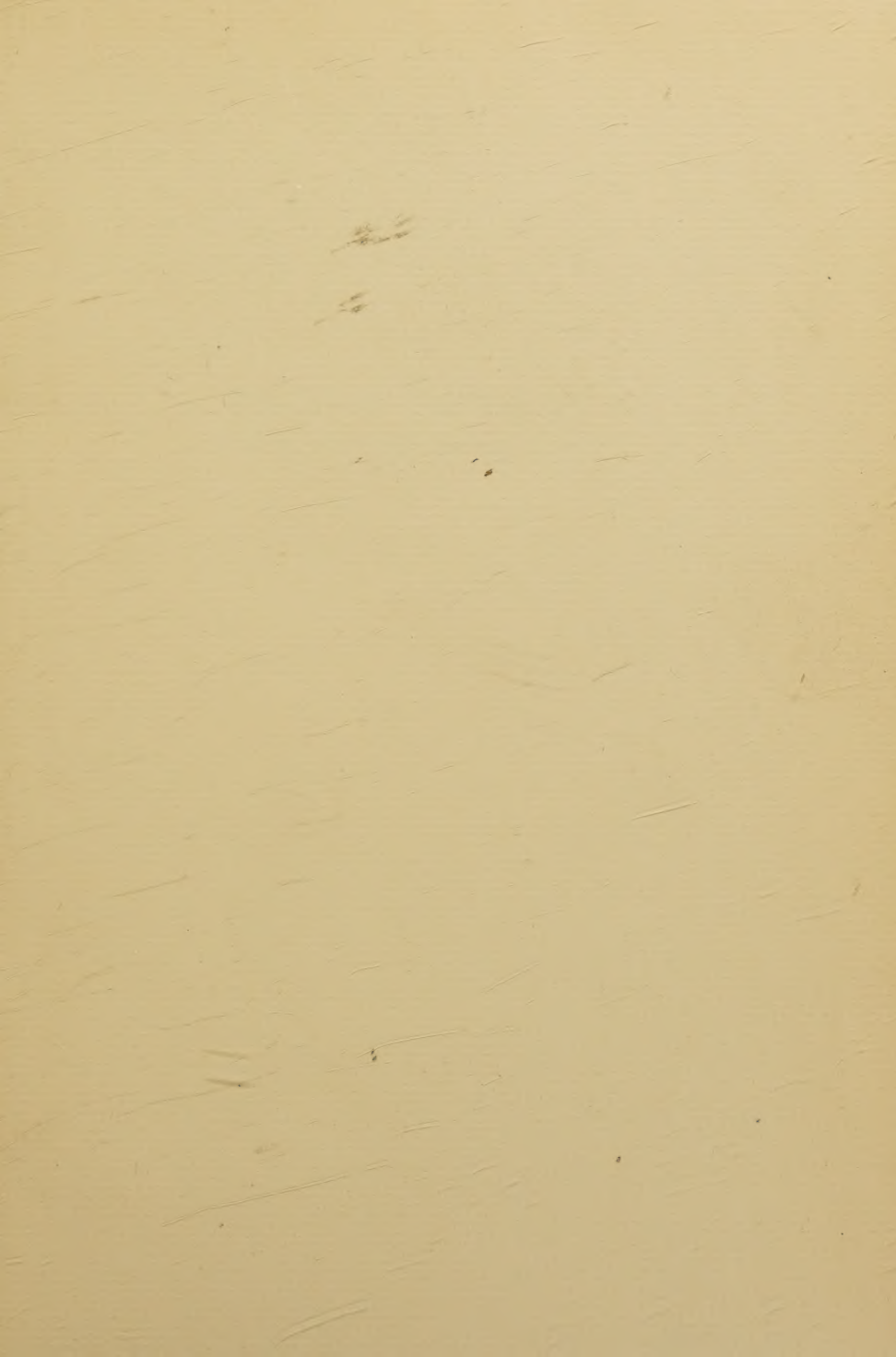
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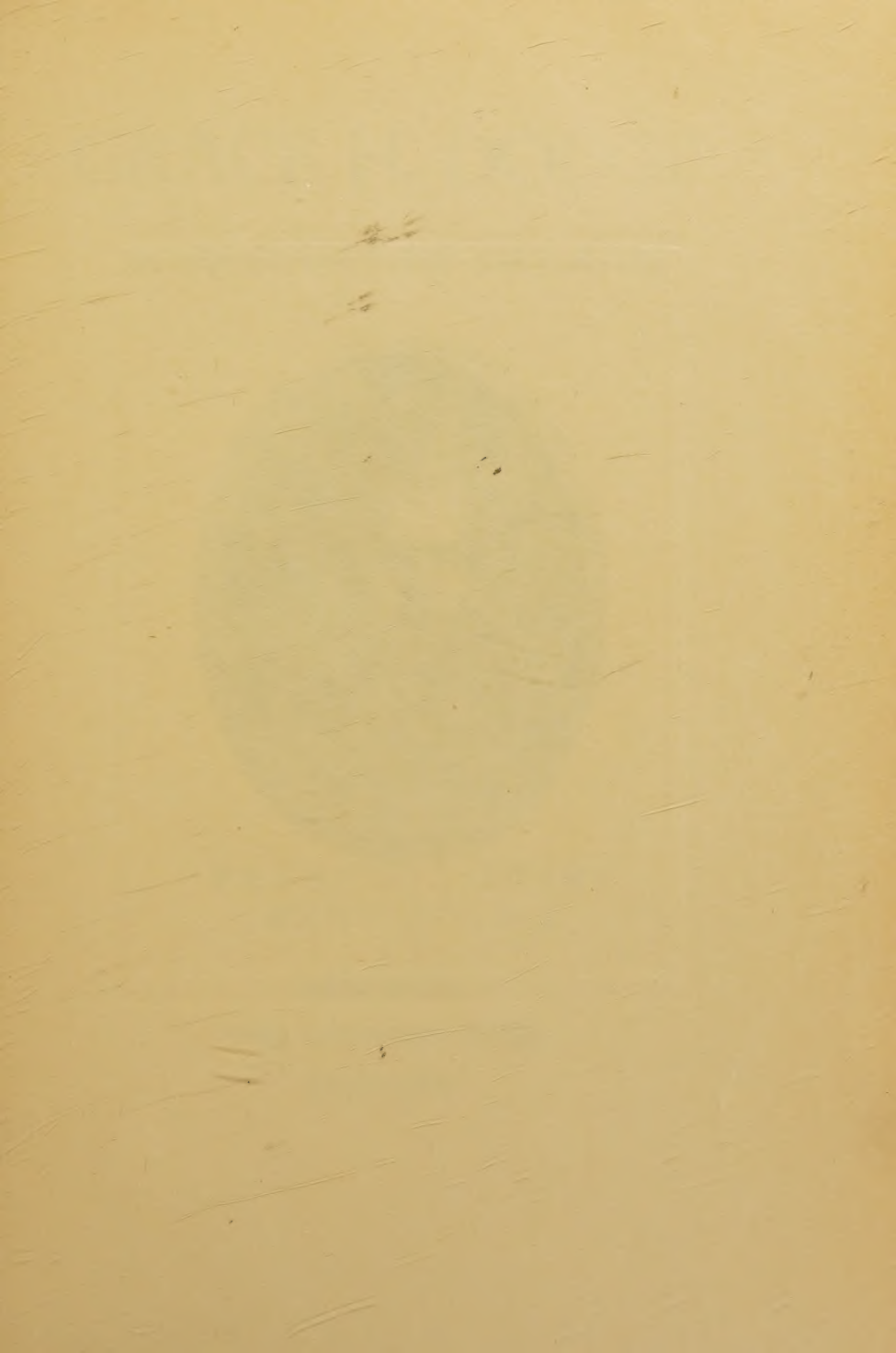
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GRACE H. DODGE

MERCHANT OF DREAMS





GRACE H. DODGE

MERCHANT OF DREAMS

A biography by

ABBIE GRAHAM



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CHAPTER I
MERCHANT OF DREAMS

CHAPTER I

MERCHANT OF DREAMS

GRACE DODGE was of the lineage of merchants, merchants who dealt in world commodities of cotton, silk, coal, tin, forests, railroads, copper. In her, many lines of business men met. Three generations of Dodge merchants preceded her in the city of New York. Her grandfather, William E. Dodge, was for many years the chosen leader of the business councils of his city. David Hoadley, her mother's father, was the skilled executive of large financial concerns. Through her grandmother, Melissa Phelps Dodge, there came the business acumen of Anson G. Phelps. These men were accustomed to manage with ease great business enterprises of their day.

She, too, was destined to be a merchant, for she also had business sagacity. But she was a woman, a woman born in the United States in 1856. Her merchandise, therefore, could not be the merchandise of silk, nor of copper, nor of railroads. These commodities of commerce were forbidden to the daughter of

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this old New York family. What then could she buy and sell with profit?

Before the merchant in her demanded an answer to this perplexing question, another power began to stir within her, another heritage began to assert itself. Centuries ago, King Edward I of England had recognized and rewarded a certain Peter Dodge of the town of Stopworth for his valiant service to "the public good." From Dodge to Dodge, there had been handed down the tradition of *noblesse oblige*. A concern for people actuated them to look beyond their own interest to consider what public service they might render.

As this spirit of *noblesse oblige* sifted down through the generations to Grace Dodge, it emerged with a rich human interest and a vigorous respect for persons that made her seek to understand and rightly to evaluate the ideas, the dreams, the visions of people. If a person asked her an ordinary question, she would respect it because it was the question of a person, and she would so give her life to the answer of it that the question would seem to have been an extraordinary one. The usual situation, through her discernment, appeared to be the unusual situation.

Her swift intuitive ability made it possible for her to reach conclusions far in advance of others, so far,

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in fact, that these conclusions seemed to other minds still a dream. She was accustomed to collect all the facts of a given situation, and all the ideas of all the persons concerned. These facts and ideas she would then formulate into a plan. Some persons saw only the finished plan; a mist veiled the ascent by which she had arrived, so that her plan appeared to be a castle in the air, a far dream. She fell, however, into the dialect in common use about her, that they might understand her, using the words, "I dream" "I have a vision of"

A merchant in search of merchandise, a seer in quest of substantialities for the dreams of human good which she borrowed of the future—this was Grace Dodge as she entered into life. But there early arose an inevitable conflict. The merchant was conservative, thought it wise to maintain conditions as they were; the seer saw things as they should be fifty years hence and desired to bring about a change. At strategic moments when vision was most needed, the seer seemed held back by the merchant.

She could never be content to be just the business person who managed the machinery of large organizations. How tired she often became of all these organizations, of all the details that required constant attention, of Thomas and his unemptied ashcans, of

the complaint about college dormitory meals, of psychology department walls that must be painted! There were days when she telephoned to her friend, Mrs. Harry E. Edmonds, saying to her, "Please come over and bring the children. I do not want to organize anything today!"

On the other hand, she shrank from being called a dreamer. Someone intimated this appellation once when a group of women were discussing the future plans of the Young Women's Christian Association. She was thinking aloud with these women, telling them what she saw out in the future: "I see a building that we shall some day have here in New York City which will be the headquarters of our national work." When she had finished speaking, one who was listening to her smiled and said, "That's a beautiful dream, Miss Dodge."

Grace Dodge swiftly retired into herself, hurt, silent. She threw up an immediate barricade.

"Let us proceed with the next item of business."

Whoever knew that she had fanciful moments? Did any organization treasurer or bookkeeper, or finance expert, who handled her checks marked, "From a friend," ever suspect any romance in these little documents, any playful fancy that lurked therein? Oh, no! They stamped them, they cashed

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them, they entered them in their prosaic ledgers. They took her seriously, for one would take her very seriously. How surprised would these business associates have been if they had known that the "friend" was the "Copper Queen," a mine in Arizona from which a great part of her money came. She revealed to her niece, Elizabeth Dodge, the identity of her "rich lady friend from the West," but otherwise she preferred heavily to cloak these fanciful moments in anonymity. She did not wish to be considered that kind of person. The merchant had fine scorn of one who would treat solid copper royalties in such a light manner.

But gradually the merchant began to find her merchandise. The practical Grace Dodge went into business for the invisible commodities of the spirit, of which her generation stood in need. She made timely investments and reinvested all the returns. The business steadily grew in the face of all hazards.

She, the investor, was ever extremely reticent about the business, but on one rare morning she issued a statement concerning one of the investments which she had made. She was driving by Teachers College of Columbia University. When she looked out at the solid buildings, the crowds of students gathered from all parts of the world, she, the busi-

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nesslike treasurer of the college for eighteen years, in daring, triumphant poetry, announced, "I dreamed that college once."

How unlike her this statement seems. What an incongruous comment from this business woman, whose breakfast guests dared not indulge in extra conversation and second cups of coffee, whose financial "hunches" led business men to consult her, who made college presidents nervous by inquiring about their college budgets. How unseemly for this person to speak of dreams!

How could she say, "I dreamed it," for no one so appreciated the work of others as she did? Had she forgotten the early work of Emily Huntington, the contributions of Dr. Barnard, of President Butler, of President Hervey, of Dean Russell? And how could she say, "I dreamed it," when she wrote: "The college has evolved, not been created. It has met the growing need of the times, and is the result of combined efforts of many experts in different subjects?"¹

It would be good to think that for once Grace Dodge stood there in West 120th Street with the sun shining in her face, made a magnificent gesture to the left in the direction of certain red brick buildings,

¹ Grace H. Dodge, "Aspects of Teachers College," *Harper's Weekly*, April 15, 1893.

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and, with one glorious burst of non-humility stated, "I did it!" It would be good to have that child who once found drawing room chairs too dainty, all little things too small, it would be good to have her at the latter part of her life wave triumphantly at towering buildings and world experiments in education and sing out to all notebooked students hurrying by, "I dreamed it all once; and because I dreamed, you, too, shall dream and shall set free the lives of children throughout the earth."

But Grace Dodge could never have made this display of any work which she had done, for it was too inconsistent with her reticent humility. In the interpretation of this statement, the important point is Grace Dodge's connotation of a dream. A dream for Grace Dodge was a seeing through to the heart of facts, plus the conclusion that something must be done about these facts, plus the realization of this conclusion in the everyday world about her. A dream was, in part, a blue print for building, but it was incomplete until it was actualized in cement and stone and steel and polished door-knobs. It was an idea put into action. A dream without works was not a dream; it was but idle insubstantial fancy.

Dreaming was for her a courageous business enterprise, a thing that one devoted one's life to and

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accomplished. To Mrs. Dave Hennen Morris she explained in part her task of dreaming Teachers College:

"From its start I was interested in the development of Teachers College, for I realized that the country needed trained teachers, and it was needed to make teaching a profession like that of law and medicine. I realized that expert professors, buildings, grounds, endowment, and so forth, were needed; in other words, money.

"I knew that the president, or professors could not go out and ask for money, and felt that I must. It was hard to know how to ask or whom to ask. Certain friends gave what they could, but much more was needed. I felt the spiritual force of this need. Though I was wanted for many places, many meetings, seemingly of more importance, this seemed the greatest need.

"I used to give months for several years to secure friends for the college. I would start out mornings and afternoons, walk up and down the avenues or streets, would call at large houses, would be refused as a book agent, find people out or engaged. I remember one February approaching over sixty persons by calls or letters, and was refused by all. March first a letter came from a cousin in Europe, sending a large

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check. I felt if I had not gone to the sixty, this would not have come. God blesses the persistent effort.

"Month after month, year after year, I had the opportunity of working. If we were doing true, good work, I felt it right to ask. Always at the darkest hour money would come, often in most unexpected ways. For years I felt the burden of money for monthly needs and never went to sleep without wondering where the money would come from for next month's bills. There came a hard time. For many sad months the work, I felt, would have to stop, but from the dark came light and prosperity. God blessed the work. Now we have over five millions invested in money and grounds, and two millions in endowment, thousands of students and a great name."

Grace Dodge was the only one who saw this enterprise through. Other persons may have made more strategic contributions, but these others either arrived late or left early or had reasons for leaving in the midst of the building. Others came and went; Grace Dodge stood by—through panics, through conflicts, through misunderstandings, through years of dearth, through moments of enthusiasm. Whatever might be the business in hand, she was there to help. Using her own connotation for dreams, she

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could say and she alone could say, "I dreamed Teachers College."

This going into business to give substantiality to dreams was Grace Dodge's search for the way to being a person. This resultant which she found between the two forces within her was, for her, the pathway to life. How she struggled to find that path, how narrow was the way, how the following of it forced her to leave many alluring highways untrod, to what achievements it led her, and with what loneliness she traveled, the document of her life will reveal.

CHAPTER II
FINDING HERSELF IN HER CITY

CHAPTER II

FINDING HERSELF IN HER CITY

A CITY in the building was the background of Grace Dodge's childhood: streets that were being widened and lengthened; furniture vans on the move uptown; coachmen and footmen in high hats, shouting to each other above the clatter of carriage wheels and horses' hoofs; the tearing out of the solid, grey stone underlying Manhattan Island, to make way for great buildings; men digging and hauling and shoveling up rock and yellow-brown soil that spilled over into the sidewalks; growing financiering projects that were destined to grip a world; schooners and steamboats in the harbor, laden with cargoes of raw material; everywhere, the undertone of gigantic enterprise that was hewing out the future of the greatest city in the world.

Into this city, Grace Dodge entered in the year 1856. It was spring in this city then, and on this especial day in May the people at their city tea tables, so the city editor wrote, were expressing their delight over the first radishes of the season. There was more

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time then in the city of New York to loiter at tea tables, for the subway and the elevated and the taxi had not yet bargained with the city for its leisure. On this day even the ashman-janitor, who for his hire took from the furnaces the wood-ash, rich in fertilizing power, even he must have felt the common joy that was abroad in city streets: the bells of peddler-carts, the wares of the flower venders and street musicians and the playing of children in the streets, gaieties made more poignant because of the loneliness and sadness of which a city is aware.

This city gradually entered into Grace Dodge's life as she looked out from the windows of her Madison Avenue home, or drove through the streets, or played with the children of the community. Guests, too, came and went, talking of the things that were being accomplished in this city, looking ahead to things that should be achieved.

There was adventure enough for her and her younger brothers and sisters on Madison Avenue in the sixties. It was indeed a golden age for childhood when at any moment Van Amburgh's Great Golden Chariot might roll in majesty down the street with a charioteer of splendor guiding the ten white horses adorned with high and flaming plumes. Van Amburgh was the "P. T. Barnum," the "Ringling Bros.,"

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of the sixties and he achieved a glory not to be despised by his circus successors. In the sixties, too, the first steam fire engines dashed down the streets of New York City and the first paid firemen of the city opened up a new profession for city children to dream about.

Even the commonest street might offer thrilling excitement, when people went abroad in their stately carriages, when six-horsed buses in summer and six-horsed sleighs in winter transported the business men to and from their offices, when the street cars were pulled by horses, when messengers on horseback hurried past, when gigs and carts and wagons added their respective rattles to the hubbub of the streets.

Crossing a street was an adventurous matter in those days. The mechanics of city traffic laws had not then been instituted; personal initiative was the dominant note of pedestrianism in the sixties. The romance of street crossing was enhanced for the Dodge children by Bella, their nurse. Bella was Irish and vivid and a mighty force for law and order. She gave an added note of daring to this ordinary episode in an afternoon walk. Gathering the children together until she saw a long, clear space in the traffic, Bella, herself poised for flight, would give a swift signal, "Now, children, cut your sticks!" No need to trans-

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late this remarkable American-Irish phraseology to these children, for was not Bella herself a pantomimed translation of her command? Without further ado, the Dodge children, holding their lives in their respective hands, fled to the opposite curb.

Grace Dodge was the eldest of these children who in time numbered six. Being the eldest, she could not stand idly by, as could the younger ones, watching the spirited horses dash by. Being the eldest, she had to help Bella watch for clear spaces and see to it that the other children got safely across the avenue.

Sometimes the Dodge children drove up to 60th Street in a horse bus and were met there by their aunt's carriage, which took them out to her home in the country on 152nd Street. Their home at 39th Street and Madison Avenue was at the time that it was built, 1865, really considered a move to the country. But, 152nd Street was wilder country.

The New Yorkers of the sixties found it possible to know their neighbors. Just down the street lived the Roosevelt children, with whom the Dodge children exchanged the social courtesies of youth. One such courtesy was an occasion when the younger set on Madison Avenue locked small Theodore in a dark room. He wept loudly, demanding to be "let out!"

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"If you don't let me out of here," he threatened, "I'll shoot you!" At that time this threat carried no noticeable weight. Wrath accumulated in the breast of the young Roosevelt and he hurled his greatest anathema through the closed door, "If you don't let me out of here, when I get to be the President of the United States of America I won't let you in the White House either!" One of the children who assisted in this lock-up went down to Washington later, during the presidential term of this same Theodore Roosevelt, and before calling sent a note in to the President to ask if the threat still held good.

But with the adventure and play on Madison Avenue a serious note was early intermingled. Grave affairs were astir in the grown-up world. Grace Dodge was too young to understand the events that were swiftly happening, but they filtered through into the background of her childhood. There was her Grandfather Dodge's hurried trip to Washington, Robert Lincoln's knocking at his door at the Willard Hotel to say that his father wished to see Mr. Dodge, his talk with President Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln's sorrow for his people who were being sundered by approaching war, Mr. Dodge's return to New York City realizing that the Peace Commission, on which he had been serving, had failed. These things permeated

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her home; her mother noted them in her diaries, but Grace Dodge did not comprehend them fully.

As the Civil War lengthened, however, she became conscious of the conflict through the letters which her father wrote her from the army camps, whither he had gone with the elder Mr. Roosevelt to encourage the soldiers to send regular allotments home to their families. These letters also reveal the quality of the religion which Grace Dodge inherited and the strong tie of family affection which was to direct, in great measure, the channel of her life.

My Dear Gracie and Willie:

You don't know how sorry I felt not to go to Sunday School with you this beautiful morning.

I am afraid Miss Gilmore will think you are never coming again and that you will forget all those pretty hymns we used to sing together.

I wish you would get some books and have a little Sabbath School very often at home, and perhaps Aunt Alice or Mama will teach you some new verses to surprise me with when I come home.

I saw a little boy yesterday out among the soldiers who used to be in my class at Mission School. I wonder if Willie could guess what he is? I'll tell you—he

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wears a red cap and funny looking clothes and has a big drum and he is a regular drummer boy. I hope he won't get shot. I wish you would remember his name—it's Robert.

You don't know how muddy it is here, and when we ride out on our big grey horses, Mr. Roosevelt and I, we don't walk but stick our sharp spurs into the horses' sides and make them jump and run as hard as they can. And then the soft mud flies all over just like the water in the fountain at the park. Our clothes and hats and faces are all covered with it and it flies into our eyes and ears and sometimes into our mouths. It isn't very good to eat.

When the snow came it made the camps look very pretty. The men had got great, green trees just like Christmas trees, and put them all around their little white tents, and the great big fires at night made all the encampment and the faces of the men red and ruddy.

Don't you forget to write to me very soon again because I love you and your little letters very much.

You must give a big kiss to little Cleve and May and take good care of them and of dear Mama.

I hope you are very good and obedient and quiet and always try to do what our dear Savior up in heaven wants you to.

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Goodnight and a great many big kisses from

Your own

Papa.

Sunday Feb. 2, 1862.

Dear Gracie:

I was made very happy the other day by opening an envelope and finding your nice letter all spelled out in big letters and looking so beautifully.

You don't know how much I thank you for it. And then I am so glad you are learning those beautiful hymns. How I wish I could be in New York to-day and hear you.

I shall have a great many strange things to tell you of when I get home about the soldiers and their camps. The poor fellows have a pretty hard time of it. How would you like to jump out of bed in the morning into mud more than a foot deep? But then they are very happy in their little tents and sing and tell stories and have plenty to eat and wear so they do very nicely.

You must tell Willie how I thank him for giving my little grey horse a name. As soon as the old nag learns how to write, I will ask him to send Willie a letter.

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I felt pretty sadly this morning not to have my dear little girl to go to church with me. I heard a nice sermon but it was not Dr. Adams. The Church was all dressed up with beautiful greens and they sang splendidly.

I want very much to have you learn to sing and to play on the piano. Don't you think you can learn quite soon?

But more than anything else I want you and dear Willie to learn to love our precious Savior who has been so kind and loving to us.

Isn't it a sweet thing to think that He takes care of us all the time and thinks about us and sends his beautiful angels to keep us from all harm?

I pray to Him every day to take care of you all and I hope you pray for me each night.

I am going down to see Uncle Charlie this week.

Give twenty-two kisses to dear Mama and Willie and Cleve and little May and tell Aunt Alice how much I thank her for being so kind to you.

Your own dear

Papa.

In October, 1863, a new and important character came into Grace Dodge's childhood, Miss Flint, her first teacher. Miss Flint was thin and always particu-

lar about details. She found that Grace had trouble with writing and spelling; hence, she set herself to remedy this defect. She gave her the task of writing a letter every day to some member of the family. Grandmothers and grandfathers were congratulated on their birthdays, aunts and uncles were thanked for their visits, cousins were invited in to tea—"all spelled in big letters and looking so beautifully." Now, it did not please Grace Dodge to carry on this correspondence for the family, but as Miss Flint considered it necessary, it was necessary. For a year and more this strict letter-writing régime was followed. Writing a letter a day became as natural to Grace Dodge as getting up in the morning.

Other teachers assisted with her early training, but Miss Flint was the dominant force. Mr. Müller thought to teach her music, but, eager as she was to learn to play hymns for her father, she never learned to play. But Miss Flint had her attend to details and be on time before she was seven.

From her mother she learned much, too, though she taught silently, chiefly by demonstration. Always in the afternoon Mrs. Dodge had tea waiting for Mr. Dodge when he came home from work. The children, also, came in at tea time. They talked little, for their parents did not consider it proper for chil-

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dren to appear conspicuous in conversation. They came in to tea and listened and had the more time for observation. Their mother's courtesy and concern for the happiness and comfort of all who came within their home, these children could not fail to note.

On Sunday evenings her father remained at home and told them children's stories about the things that he knew. Especially did he tell them about the remarkable adventures of Nobody Nothin', a young lad who from Sunday to Sunday went leaping through an extraordinary series of thrilling episodes. There was a unique thing about the career of Nobody Nothin'. The history of his week, as related by Mr. Dodge, was curiously similar to the history of certain children who lived on Madison Avenue in winter and at Riverdale in summer. If they had been disobedient, Nobody Nothin' would likely be very disobedient the next Sunday evening and then things would happen to him which were not at all pleasant for him and the group would be very sad for awhile and would possibly mend its ways before another Sunday. Then, at the conclusion of the stories, though the Dodges were never very good at singing, they all sang together,—“There is a Happy Land Far, Far Away,” “Little Drops of Water,” “Shall We Gather at the River,” and other favorites.

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Life was lifted from the ordinary work and play for the Dodge children one morning in the country when they found that Grace was ill, not seriously ill, just interestingly ill, ill enough to stay in bed. It was an unusual event, a situation to be conferred over. How could they best express their sympathy? What would she most enjoy having? They went through the list of possible sick-room dainties, books, candy, pictures, flowers, but, with the swift intuition of children, they knew that none of these things were relevant. Suddenly, a flash of inspiration drew the group together in joyous unanimity. There was one possession which Grace loved above all others; they went for that.

Now, there were difficulties attendant upon the execution of this brilliant decision of theirs. Bella was one drawback to their enthusiasm. They would get no encouragement from that source. And, too, one might perhaps meet on the stairs a board of trustees about to convene, or prominent personages, such as mayors, financiers and English clergymen. Yet the back stairs could be used and their idea was not one which they could afford to waste.

If they had been troubled by the social proprieties involved, what a relief it would have been to them to know that a generation later Jane Addams of Chi-

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cago was to be highly entertained at a White House luncheon by a story told her by President Theodore Roosevelt to the effect that his children had just executed this same brilliant feat, using the White House elevator rather than a back stairs. But the Dodge children were not troubled by the social proprieties.

So, up these stairs, they tugged and steered and slipped, until finally they reached Grace's room and proudly presented to her, "Nettie," her favorite pony.

Her vast satisfaction was a mighty recompense for the strenuous activity exerted by them in the expression of their love for her. Yet, even as the Dodge children and "Nettie" stood about her bed, aglow with the magnanimity of their novel adventure, they were conscious then, as often, that some gulf of solitude shut her in, which they would penetrate but could not.

Perhaps the barrier was, partly, her sensitiveness about her physical size, for very early she came to realize that she was taller and larger than other children of her own age. When the other children went to dancing school she felt awkward and chose not to go. She would have appeared to better advantage if life, for her, had never been reduced to the smaller

proportions of youth, for life in miniature did not become her. Youth was too young for her, too diminutive. She was not at home among little things.

Yet, if she were solitary with a loneliness that exceeded the loneliness of youth, a practical simplicity and love of doing things saved her from morbidness and self-pity. If she did not enjoy young peoples' parties, then she would find pleasure in arranging the flowers in the house and talking with the gardener and the cook and the maids, and watching them manage the household affairs. She was seven years old when her father built Greyston, the new country home in Riverdale. Here the family spent the summer months. There were birds and dogs and ponies to be taken care of. She could take the neighbors to ride in her pony cart. Her mother was not strong and began to depend on her. If, for any reason, her mother could not pour her father's tea, she would take her mother's place. She would preside over the tea table with the same solicitous interest which her mother had shown and, being the lady of the occasion, she would talk with her father. His conversation fascinated her, the largeness of his plans, the multiplicity of his interests, his business, the progress of the Young Men's Christian Association, the colleges. She was more at home in the midst of such

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enterprises than she was in the social activities of her own age.

Not finding self-contemplation pleasant, she found it simpler not to think of herself. She turned, therefore, to the consideration of other things. In search of some outside subject to which to turn her interest, she began to discover people. There was the gardener, John Beatty; he liked to read but he had so little to read. What little courtesies pleased a guest? Who were the girls that crossed the city streets on winter evenings, going eastward? What did they do and to what homes were they going?

When Grace Dodge came to be fifteen, she was still sensitive about her size, still not at home in life, but it was better now that there were larger things to do. Her mother's health grew worse and the physicians urged Mrs. Dodge to spend a few months in Europe. With some reluctance, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge planned their trip. Grace was entrusted with the management of the large household and the care of the five children. A woman was secured to assist with the children and a cousin was to come to keep them company. The father and mother, therefore, sailed for England on September 6, 1871, free from anxiety. They did not doubt Grace's ability to manage

things. There had hardly been a time when she had not assisted with the household affairs and the care of the younger children.

The brothers, of course, "tried her out" in order to ascertain the exact status of family discipline for the coming three months. She was prepared for this and successfully defended her position as acting head of the household. If the brothers wished to fight, that was their affair. She held the further theory that it was better to let them "fight it out."

But there were other exigencies that no one could foresee. The woman who was to assist with the children proved to be a hindrance rather than an assistance; the cousin was seriously ill almost the entire time; burglars broke into the house; the thermometer suddenly dropped below zero and two of the children got the measles.

The mother and father returned and went hurriedly to Greyston, arriving in time for the siege of quarantine. They found the house running smoothly, so smoothly, in fact, that Grace Dodge never thereafter relinquished her supervision of it, except for the brief period when she was away at boarding-school. She made preparation for the guests who came and saw to it that her father's committees and organizations transacted their business in comfort.

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With the assistance of John Beatty, the Irish gardener at Greyston, she put shelves in the greenhouse and filled them with books and John Beatty acted in the double capacity of gardener for the Dodges and librarian to the Riverdale community.

In April, 1872, Grace Dodge went to Miss Porter's school in Farmington, Connecticut. In the seventies, Miss Porter's school was the proper place for the education of young ladies of a certain tradition.

Her brothers, Earl and Cleveland, went, in September of this year, to Williston Seminary in East Hampton to prepare for Princeton. There was no question about the necessity of a college education for the Dodge boys. Ideas were abroad concerning the higher education of women, but these ideas had not been generally accepted. Only recently, in 1861, Matthew Vassar had made his gift for a college for women. John Fowle Durant was to found Wellesley three years later. Mary Lyon had progressed with Mount Holyoke Seminary, which was in 1888 to become Mount Holyoke College. But Grace Dodge was not destined by tradition to attend any of these institutions.

Other girls were following the more radical course of going to college. In this same year, Alice Freeman was entering the University of Michigan. That year,

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too, a little Japanese girl of seven, Ume Tsuda, was beginning her preparation in America for college. It was a radical thing for Count Kuroda, a minister of the Japanese Government, to send five Japanese girls all the way to America to study, the oldest one being only fifteen and the youngest one, Ume Tsuda, seven—to send them because he believed that educated women were needed to build the new Japan. The Empress herself stamped the venture with her approval by granting them an audience from behind a screen, presenting them with gifts of red crêpe and cakes, and commissioning them to return to Japan to help educate Japanese women.

About this time, too, Mary Mills Patrick at twenty was leaving her Iowa farm to go to Erzeroum in Armenia to begin her work for the higher education of women in the Near East.

Other girls were going to college, but tradition predetermined that Grace Dodge's academic career should be spent at Miss Porter's school for young ladies at Farmington, Connecticut.

Two things these four girls, who were later to be associated in various enterprises, shared in common—Grace Dodge, Alice Freeman, Ume Tsuda, and Mary Mills Patrick. They were, for the most part, homesick. Perhaps Alice Freeman was not, for she

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was very busy, having to prove that she could do college work in spite of the fact that she had not been prepared to pass the college entrance examinations. Ume Tsuda held tight hold of her cake and her red crêpe and also began studying diligently. Mary Mills Patrick, sitting in the train at the beginning of her long journey, overcome with homesickness, seized eagerly some blueberries which a man on the train was selling, and ate and ate until she forgot she was leaving home and could remember that she was entering upon a fascinating journey. Grace Dodge, who was probably the most homesick one of them all, took her horse along for companionship at Miss Porter's school for young ladies.

Yet a greater thing did these four have in common. Alice Freeman was to endear higher education to girls throughout the United States. Ume Tsuda was to become one of Japan's greatest women educators. Mary Mills Patrick was later to be regarded as an "educational ambassador to the Near East." Grace Dodge herself was going to do something about the education of women and of men, though she might not arrive by way of an academic route.

Grace Dodge's life did not take root, nor flourish greatly in the scholastic and social world of Miss Porter's school. There was nothing in the curriculum

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to utilize her energies; the studies touched her life at few points. A second "Miss Flint," namely, Miss Lizzie Porter, tutored her composition. She enjoyed making friends with the girls from the different parts of the country, two especial friends being Kate Van Sanford and Nellie Agnew, but she did not appear to advantage in the social world of this school for young ladies. Her brother at East Hampton sought to alleviate her homesickness by recounting to her the inconsequential happenings there. He wrote:

East Hampton,
Jan. 12, 1873.

Dear little Giant:

Just think nearly all of the first half of this term has gone by and I only wish that you had only as much as we have.

On Wednesday afternoon I went to dancing school as usual and when that was through with I went skating on the Manhan (our noble river). The skating was moderately good along the bank and we could go up the river two miles. In some places the skating was quite risky as we would go along on a place about a foot wide and with water on each side. One of my friends went in with one leg above his

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knee. Yesterday afternoon I played backgammon. . . .

Today I went to the First Church in the morning and afternoon and in the evening I went to prayer-meeting.

I hope you won't feel homesick again and with much love from your brethren I am, etc.,

C. H. Dodge.

P. S. Please excuse this apology of a letter.

C. H. Dodge.

East Hampton, Sun.,
March 2, 1873.

Dear little mite of a Dwarf:

Two more days and this term is ended, and I for one am very happy for leaving this town for "home sweet home." The remaining two days I will not have hardly any studying to do and I expect that time will fly very rapidly.

Wednesday being the last day for dancing, the two classes (male & female) were united and we had a grand dance. I had the pleasure of dancing two or three times with some young ladies in the "German." I did not want of course to dance with any young

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lady but in the "German" one cannot help one's self. . . .

Friday night being the last society night of the term, there was held what is called a "Hoity Toity." I was Secretary for the "Hoity Toity" and had to make a speech, after which there were songs, speeches, essays, select reading, etc., etc. We had a splendid time, disbursing at 11:00 P. M.

Excuse this short billet from

Cleve (your brother)

P. S. Excuse this writing please.

Cleve.

She found at Miss Porter's school at least one compensation—it gave her leisure for riding her horse, and her horse made possible the very substantial comradeship of roads and hills, wind and sky. What decisions she came to in the solitude of these rides she did not make known, but it is evident that she came to the conclusion that in the semi-academic, semi-social world at Farmington, Connecticut, she was not happy and that she had better follow a more profitable course. Also, her parents needed her at home.

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Finally, in January, 1874, she left school, the physicians thinking it best for her mother to take another trip to Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, together with Grace and May, sailed for Liverpool on January 16, on the steamer *Algeria*. They remained abroad for five months, spent several weeks in Paris, visited the south of France, and then traveled through northern Italy.

In June of 1874, when Grace Dodge was returning from Europe with her family and was making up her mind as to what she should do, now that she had decided not to return to Farmington, other women in the United States were making decisions momentous to themselves and to other people. Frances Willard at thirty-five was out in Chicago making an important move. She was resigning her position as dean of the Woman's College and professor of Aesthetics in Northwestern University. A few months later she was to accept the presidency of the Chicago Women's Christian Temperance Union, which was to bring her into the leadership of the national temperance movement. During this summer Anna Howard Shaw was battering away at the door of a profession, which did not wish to open to women, the ministry. To make money to finish her studies, she was going that summer on a perilous

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journey to preach to lumberjacks in a northern lumber camp. Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were working at the unpopular cause of suffrage, centering their efforts at this time on Michigan.

These older women had gotten into life and were about great causes of their day. Grace Dodge was just eighteen. She had energy, enthusiasm, a compelling interest in people, and power to do something, but it was not in the tradition of her family for her to enter any such fields as these women had entered. It would not be proper for her to be busy at temperance crusades, nor for her to go to northern lumber camps, unattended, to preach the gospel to lumberjacks, nor for her to engage in the battle for suffrage. She was loyal to the traditions and must, therefore, go another way. Yet she must work, for the remarkable heritage, which had been passed down from Dodge to Dodge, laid upon her the necessity of serving "the public good."

Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, an advanced public thinker and leader of New York City (a member of the Boston Lowell family), in writing her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, about the progress of the charity organizations which were under her direction, refers thus to the spirit of public service which the Dodges passed on from father to son:

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May 23, 1882.

Dearest Annie:

. . . I see many pleasant people, especially men, upon whom we are trying to throw the responsibility of this work, so as to bring the business faculty to bear on the charity problem. What we need is more men of leisure with the tradition of public service like so many of the "nobility and gentry" of England. Our young men, those that we catch, are very good, but usually too busy. However, I can't complain, for we have had very good fortune so far. It is interesting to see how much runs in families, however; the Roosevelts and the Dodges, for instance, you can depend on them every time—they are most satisfactory wherever you meet them; being all rich, too, they have time to work, which is decidedly a good thing. . . .¹

Grace Dodge was proud of this record and she, too, wanted to be depended on for something, but she felt that she was expected to "enter society" and to find her interest there. She knew, however, that she could not make a success out of just being a young lady. She was not graceful, neither was she beautiful. Furthermore, she had no genius for idleness. She wanted to be at work on something.

¹ Stewart, *Philanthropic Work of Josephine Shaw Lowell*, chap. IX, p. 129.

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Slowly she began to find something to do. In 1874 she began her Record Book of Work:

1874—Began in the Fall to teach in the Sunday School of Madison Square Chapel.

1875—Taught in the sewing school of Madison Square Chapel.

1876—Took charge of work and classes in an Industrial School of the Children's Aid Society and taught for five years in four schools.

Through these industrial schools, conducted by the Children's Aid Society for the poor children of the city, the suffering of the poor in New York City is revealed. The increase in immigration after the Civil War swelled the population of the poor and increased the poverty of the slums. These children of the slums would not attend the public school on account of their lack of clothes and food. The public schools themselves were very inadequate. The Children's Aid Society secured money from the school board and from individuals, and established schools for these children. They were fed and clothed and taught. An emphasis was put on the teaching of sewing, cooking and handwork of all kinds, so that they might be fitted for practical work. A letter re-

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ceived by Mr. Charles L. Brace, executive secretary of the Children's Aid Society, gives a picture of the poor at this time:

New York, Oct. 3, 1876.

Dear Mr. Brace:

I am Maria's sister. I did not go to the country because my mother thought my crutches were too short and I might fall. I am lame. I can only walk on two crutches . . . There are six of us at home. Maria is working now at feathers. She does not make much. My brother Antonio works at candy. He makes the most and gives it all to my mother. My sister Madaline is ten years old. She sells tooth-picks on the Battery; she almost always brings home fifteen cents. I make nothing but I always sweep the floor and hold on a crutch. I always wash the dishes and dress my two little brothers for school. I love the school dearly. . . . I have been here all my life. I am twelve years old. My father went to Italy more than a year ago. We do not know when he will come back.

I have to write with my left hand so I can't write as good as the rest. I love you and Mr. Roosevelt too.

Goodby Sir.

Carrie Beronia.
186 Franklin Street

Josephine Shaw Lowell would probably have attended to the document of this little child in a manner different from Grace Dodge. She would doubtless have approached it by a study of the economic bases underlying poverty in the city of New York; she would have thought in terms of laws to be passed; she would have gone to Albany and not been content till the lawmakers had faced Carrie's letter. She would have thought and said radical things about wealth and poverty.

But Mrs. Lowell was now thirty-three and had had rich experience. Grace Dodge was only twenty and was just beginning to grope her way about in the hope of finding something better to do than just being a lady. She volunteered to teach in these schools and did teach year after year for five years.

As Grace Dodge was thus searching for something to give her life to, Dwight L. Moody came to New York City to conduct his great evangelistic campaign. While in New York City, Mr. Moody lived in the Dodge home. It was Grace's pleasure to make their home a place of rest in the midst of his strenuous activity. When he came home at night, exhausted from the evening service at Madison Square Garden, he found refreshing food awaiting him, of which Grace had foreseen the need. In the

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afternoons, she had tea ready for him. The other children sat by and marveled at his consumption of tea, nine or ten cups in an afternoon, but Grace was only concerned with the depth and power of life that he revealed to her. To him life was a giving of all that he possessed. The tremendousness of his appeal for righteousness did not fail to move her nor the immensity of his projects to fascinate her.

This winter of 1876, she saw goodness so energized that it assumed the proportions of a vast enterprise, which was not out of perspective in so great a city where world projects of business were swung. Goodness seemed substantial enough to undergo the strain of a world venture, a worthy thing to give one's life to. She, too, wanted to be good. To be good in her generation? Did she sense the infinite daring of such a purpose, the mighty consequences of such a desire in this transition period when women were emerging into a larger life than they had known, when the experience of being good was to be greatly impoverished or deeply enriched for men and women, pathetically narrowed or immeasurably broadened? What facing of questions it involved, what prejudice would block the way, what responsibilities must be shouldered, how important would be the next thirty years! But, whatever it involved,

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she had to try the venture, for she had set her mind and heart and strength upon the enterprise of being good in her generation.

CHAPTER III
WHAT COULD A WOMAN DO?

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WHAT COULD A WOMAN DO?

AS Mr. Dodge saw his daughter become increasingly involved with her varied activities in the city, he grew puzzled concerning her future. While she was yet a little girl he had looked forward to the time when she would be a young lady. He had planned the things he would do for her, the parties she should have. His earliest memories of his father's home had been of a radiant center of friendliness and hospitality. There had been many dinner-parties and receptions. He and Mrs. Dodge also sought to make their home a place to which guests would delight to come. Together they had worked toward this ideal; and those who came within their home knew that they had achieved this.

And now, the first real social occasion of their home had arrived—their eldest daughter had grown to be a young lady. She should have her “coming out” parties. They had always expected that she would marry and go into her own home. Everything was now ready, but she was busy with other

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things. The stage was all set but the chief actor did not have time to come out and speak her lines. She had neglected to be there to speak her lines because they were to her but empty and meaningless phrases. She had no time for idle talk now that she had heard words filled with human content, such words as bread and work, fire and shelter, children and winter. In her city she had seen hunger and cold and dirt. She had felt the desire of people to live better lives. She had watched Dwight L. Moody work. She chose rather to help accomplish the desire of people to live.

But she found one difficulty in making this choice. She knew that her father wanted to give her all that other girls had, that he wanted to make her happy. She did not want to disappoint him any more than was necessary. She had to think of something which he could do for her, something that she would enjoy, something that would compare with what all the other girls were having, that would fit the picture which was in his mind for her. While Mr. William E. Dodge was wondering what to do with his daughter, Grace, she was probably considering what to do with him. When Mr. Dodge became aware of her preference, he was puzzled. There would have been no trouble at all if she had been a son, he

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realized. If she were a son, she would go into business with him. He realized that she had a good business mind, for he had been training her to administer money, since every lady should know that. She would indeed make a good business man; but she was not a man, and that, of course, settled that.

Mr. Dodge did not think of opposing her desires; he had too much respect for her to thwart her sincere decisions. So he talked it over with her. She said to her father, "You want, I know, to be having parties for me, to be giving me pleasure. Instead of giving me these big parties, would you not like to have smaller luncheon and dinner-parties and invite to them all the persons who have achieved something? It would be pleasant to me to listen to them. You have taught me to be a follower of Jesus, to love God and man. I must love through work."

Mr. Dodge knew it to be an inevitable choice. He and her mother *had* taught her to love God above everything else and to be a follower of Jesus. If it were her personal choice to love through work, then, whatever be his preconceived ideas of a woman's work in the world, she must love God that way. If she preferred to have luncheons and dinner-parties to which were invited the persons who had achieved something, rather than the parties that all the other

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girls were having, then he and Mrs. Dodge would invite these persons to their home. Perhaps, too, he might help her with her work.

With relief they thought of Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, with whom Mr. Dodge had been associated during the Civil War in work for the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. She was a woman of social position and wealth, being a great-granddaughter of General Philip Schuyler and of Alexander Hamilton. She was doing much public good, organizing a great work, and was eminently respected. They could see Grace as that kind of person and they thought it would be wise to consult Miss Schuyler. With great confidence in her ability to help them with the problem of Grace's future, Mr. Dodge made an appointment with her.

"I wish to talk with you about Grace, Miss Schuyler," he said. "She is grown up now."

"No, Mr. Dodge," Miss Schuyler interrupted, "Grace cannot be a woman yet. Was it not just a little while ago that you said to me that Grace was only a little girl? Surely, she cannot be grown up now."

"Yes, she is now a young lady and I do not know what to do about her. It is time for her to be entering society but she does not wish to enter society.

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She said that she would prefer having smaller luncheon and dinner-parties and having as guests the persons who had achieved something. She said that I had taught her to love God and man and to be a follower of Jesus Christ and that she must love through work."

"I know what she means, Mr. Dodge," Miss Schuyler said. "I can interpret her desire, for I have had the privilege, in my father's home, of meeting the most interesting and distinguished persons of the day. Into our home there came as guests, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett, Emerson, Longfellow, Charles Loring Brace, George W. Curtis, and others. To know such persons, to talk with them, to listen to their conversation, this does give one the greatest pleasure, Mr. Dodge. I understand what your daughter wants. She, too, wishes to meet the great persons of today and she also wishes to work. I should like to talk with her. Bring Grace over to see me, Mr. Dodge."

The next day Mr. Dodge took Grace to talk with Miss Schuyler.

"I saw her enter the room," said Miss Schuyler who, after the lapse of almost half a century vividly recalls this interview. "She was dressed very simply

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in a plain black tailor-made suit. My first impression was of a tall, fine-looking woman, not handsome, but with a good figure and a face showing character and sincerity. She had fine eyes and a very pleasing expression. Her father said, 'I shall leave you with Miss Schuyler for an hour.' "

Then with that rare sympathy and understanding which Miss Schuyler had for a younger woman, she said to Grace Dodge, "Now, what is it that you wish to do?"

The words of that hour, the younger woman forgot to tell, and the older one does not now remember, but when Mr. Dodge returned for his daughter at the close of the hour, he found them immersed in a new partnership. Miss Schuyler, who had organized the State Charities Aid Association a few years before, had offered her a share in the work, giving her the privilege of becoming a member of the committee whose work most interested her. Grace Dodge had chosen to work on the Committee on the Elevation of the Poor in Their Homes.

As she went away with her father, she took with her the report of the State Charities Aid Association. She was now on a committee. She was on a committee because she wanted to do something. If she were going to do something on a committee of the

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State Charities Aid Association, it seemed wise to her to become informed as to what the State Charities Aid Association had accomplished and what it purposed in the future to accomplish. It was good, therefore, to have the report in her hands.

As her father watched her studying the report, was he puzzled as to where all this would lead her? And Grace Dodge—did she sense his uneasiness, did it make her desire, on this day of real initiation into the larger public work of her city, to do her work quietly, in keeping with her father's and mother's ideas of what a woman's work should be?

Soon after this interview with Miss Schuyler, Grace Dodge met Emily Huntington. Emily Huntington had come to New York City in 1874 to take charge of the Wilson Industrial School for Girls, a school similar to those established by the Children's Aid Society. Wherever she turned on Avenue A she found untidiness and carelessness. She realized that the "housework class" at the School was a lifeless instrument in such a situation and she began to search for something that would give vitality to it.

In 1876, Emily Huntington went to visit a Kindergarten Exhibition and an idea took possession of her. She no longer saw the little children before

her playing with games and blocks and pictures; she saw them playing with the tools of work which were daily used in their homes—brooms and scrub brushes and dishpans. As she watched these children playing in the kindergarten, she wondered, "Why could we not have a kitchen garden, using the same principles of play to teach the children housework?" On her way home she stopped and talked with some friends and secured their cooperation. In six weeks she developed the plan, demonstrated it to the managers of the school, and secured their permission to introduce a kitchen garden class into the school.

She fitted up a kitchen and dining room with tables, chairs, breakfast and dinner sets, small brooms and brushes, miniature cooking utensils, washtubs, irons, ironing boards, and taught children how to work through play. She wrote songs to be sung at washtubs, at dishwashing, at scrubbing and at cooking. A great enthusiasm for cleanliness, for mending, for cooking swept through Avenue A. A mighty ambition to sew, to bake, to scrub stairs, took possession of all little girls in the neighborhood.

In one class the children took turns being the guest, the hostess, the maid, and they were trained in each rôle. An actual guest one day knocked at the door of this miniature home. The little girl who

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answered the door was not too flustered to remember the ceremony of the occasion. "Just step into the parlor, sir," she said, "the mistress will be down in a moment." A little girl who was scrubbing the floor ran up to her and whispered, "Don't you know there isn't any parlor, nor any mistress!" What the guest did in this social exigency, or the little maid, is not recorded; but it is certain that whatever these children lacked in equipment, they compensated for in enthusiasm and seriousness.

Emily Huntington could not teach all the children who desired instruction, and she began to devote her time to the training of volunteer teachers who were to do the actual work of teaching. One of these groups of volunteer teachers came from the Madison Square Chapel where Grace Dodge was teaching a Sunday school class of girls and had organized the class into a club for the study of sewing and health.

Then Grace Dodge met Emily Huntington. Grace Dodge believed in the cause of kitchen gardens; and she gave herself whole-heartedly to the teaching of classes. As she taught kitchen garden classes, she began to see the need of organizing the movement in order to secure high standards of work and wise promotion of the system. She gave wings to the wonder of Emily Huntington by writing of

the movement, by talking of it and constantly enlisting adherents to the cause of kitchen gardens. She propagated the wonder in prose perhaps, but propagated it nevertheless. Such sentences as these fill her articles for this cause:

"The teachers found the next practical question to be: 'What kind of utensils and toys are used to teach the system and where can they be purchased?' . . . Price lists of these can be obtained by writing to J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 7 East 14th Street. The expense is about three dollars per child. . . ."¹

The movement became so extended that it was necessary in April, 1880, to organize the Kitchen Garden Association. Eleven young women served as the incorporators and outlined the objects of the Association as follows:

"I. The promotion of the Domestic Industrial Arts among the laboring classes, by giving to the children of the same, and to such others as may be deemed desirable, gratuitous instruction in the household arts according to the principles of the Kitchen Garden System.

"II. The promotion of a wide and correct diffusion of the principles upon which the system has been founded, in order to prevent its degenerating into

¹ *The National Baptist*, April 5, 1883.

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careless and erratic methods of teaching, which might expose the system to misconception of its objects and operation.

“III. The promotion of uniformity of method and action, the establishment of a place of reference and consultation for all interested in the system, and provision for its perpetuation.”¹

In the first year's report are found such sentences as these: “Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of teachers being trained for this work before they undertake it. . . . One cannot teach others what oneself does not thoroughly know. . . . The Association cannot be responsible for classes or schools taught by untrained teachers.”²

Kitchen gardens spread not only over the United States but to Europe, China, Japan and India. Washtub singing and singing on stairways to the movement of the scrubbing brush, the play of little guests and maids and mistresses, went far beyond the walls of the Wilson Industrial School.

Grace Dodge continued to teach her Sunday school class at Madison Square Chapel, but the class was not going very well in the fall of 1881. Grace

¹ Grace H. Dodge, *A Brief Sketch of Teachers College*, p. 3.

² *Ibid.*, p. 4.

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Dodge asked Christine Rasmussen, a member of the class, to come and talk with her about the class.

"Have you any suggestions, Christine, about what we could do?" Grace Dodge asked her.

"I have been thinking, Miss Dodge," Christine answered, "that we could do more than we have been doing in our class. There are a lot of girls over in our silk factory who would be interested in the things we have been doing here. Why can't we get together a group of these and study things?"

"I think that would be splendid, Christine," Grace Dodge answered. "Tell me about the girls in the silk factory."

Christine told her, told her about the dirt and the noise and the long hours, about how the girls knew so little about health, about their lack of recreation. "They might not be interested at first," Christine warned her, "but when they get to doing things themselves, they will enjoy it."

They agreed to invite these girls to come together and discuss a possible club. Christine Rasmussen went back to talk with the girls in the silk factory. They promised to come to a meeting on Tuesday evening. A room was secured at the factory and on Tuesday evening, December 6, 1881, Grace Dodge went down with Christine to the meeting.

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The room was on the ground floor. The boys in the street crowded at the windows to watch the unusual proceeding of girls having a meeting. They contributed an occasional apple core and banana peeling. There were two gas lights in the room, several boxes and benches. The girls sat about, suspiciously, waiting to see what was going to happen and resolved to prevent much of anything from happening. They shuffled the boxes about, overturned the benches, talked, laughed and slung the apple cores and banana peelings back at the faces flattened against the window panes. The setting was indeed not very propitious. Christine was embarrassed.

As Grace Dodge faced this group of girls, whose lives were a part of the great network of industry, she had little knowledge of industrial conditions, she knew little about the economic problems of society. She did not trace their discontent and resentment to its source. She could not hear the explanations which the girls were whispering to each other as to why she came that night, but Christine heard them. "She only wants to find out things to tell her rich friends. They'll laugh at us."

Later, Grace Dodge was to learn from a girl, who had worked for ten years in a shirt factory, the cause of their conduct that night: "You ladies do not know

us; you do not know the temptations, the trials; you do not care for us. The girls in this factory feel so bitterly toward you all." It was not at an individual that these girls in the silk factory were hurling their resentment that night but at a system of society that made them work long hours and gave them in return for their work not enough money to live. They did not analyze the situation clearly because they had had little education, for they had had to go to work too early. Noise and dinginess shut them in—and they were young and wanted the things of youth. As Grace Dodge stood before them, she incarnated for them all the wrong and injustice which they blindly resented.

But while Grace Dodge lacked certain preparation, while she was a part of a system of patronage from which she could never wholly escape, while she did not see the relation of these girls to the growing movement of industrial women whose cause was the right to work and the right to live, yet she possessed certain qualities that would have compensating value.

As she talked to the girls that night, the room became more quiet. She talked of the things that they might do together, explaining the advantage of their working as a group for the good of all. She invited

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all who were interested to return the following Tuesday evening. After she had finished her talk and the girls were leaving, she picked up the books and straightened the benches. She knew the meeting had not been much of a success, but she also knew that she would return the following Tuesday.

She would have understood that evening better if she had known how girls in such factories everywhere knew little of working together for the good of all. It is true that some women had worked together in trade unions in the United States since 1825. Five years before Grace Dodge was born, six thousand shirt sewers had banded together in the city of New York and had been successful in securing better conditions for shirt sewers. The women shoemakers had had their own national trade union, the Daughters of St. Crispin, but this had succumbed in the financial crisis of 1873. Three months before this Tuesday night meeting of these girls from the silk factory, the first woman had been admitted into the Knights of Labor. But of these other movements of girls and women, Grace Dodge was not aware. She only knew that this Tuesday night meeting was not a success.

She continued to meet with these girls from week to week and as she did so she began to talk with

them about their work, their homes. She was pleasant to talk with; she listened more than she talked. They did not find her clever, she was too straightforward for cleverness and too direct for circuitous conversation. There was something in her eyes that made them trust her. She drew out from them the things that interested them, the things they wanted to do and also the everyday details of their lives. She began to try to see life from their point of view.

"Have we ever, in imagination," she wrote, "tried to put ourselves in the place of the majority of working girls, and asked ourselves how would we be if, in reality, we were one of them? On their feet all day, or sitting cramped in one position; coming home to a cheerless room, occupied perhaps with several others; away from all protecting influences, or where the crying of the younger children, the scolding of the mother, and the disorder found everywhere must make them want to get away from it all. Then how their heads and backs must ache; how tired and discouraged they must get!"¹

"What is their life? Up at five or six o'clock in the morning, and after a hurried toilet, a more hasty breakfast, often taken standing, and consisting of little nutritious food; at half past six or seven rush-

¹ *The Sunday School Times*, October, 1882.

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ing through the streets, and soon in crowded shop or factory where the air has scarcely been changed from the foul atmosphere of the night before; noise, odors and confusion, with rarely a moment to sit down, or, if seated, not allowed to stand; toiling here until noon, then an hour, or a half hour for dinner, which consists of a piece of pie or cake and a sandwich with a cup of coffee or tea—rarely anything more. Again at one o'clock the noise and rush,¹ continuing until the six o'clock bell tells the weary girls that factory or shop work is over for the day. The walk or ride home does not refresh them, for back and feet are already too tired; sometimes they find a light supper waiting them, but often it may be necessary for the girls to prepare the evening meal themselves. . . ."¹

These are very concrete details of their daily lives which reveal an intimate knowledge of them: ". . . five or six o'clock in the morning . . . hurried . . . hasty breakfast . . . taken standing . . . half past six or seven rushing . . . crowded . . . foul . . . noise . . . odors . . . rarely a moment to sit down . . . a piece of pie or cake . . . sandwich . . . coffee . . . one o'clock . . . noise . . . rush . . . six o'clock bell . . . back . . . feet." Her possession of

¹ *The Chautauqua*, January, 1899.

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these facts suggests the growing confidence which Grace Dodge was winning from these girls.

As she entered into their lives, a deepening respect for them came to her. She saw the fine quality of their courage. She, too, wanted to have courage.

Her understanding of these girls in the silk factory was deepened and broadened by her work with Miss Schuyler in the State Charities Aid Association. In 1881, she was made chairman of the committee on which Miss Schuyler had appointed her in that first interview. The purpose of this committee was to better the condition of the poor in their homes.

Soon after she took the leadership of this committee, a large conference of charitable workers of the city of New York was held at the headquarters of the State Charities Aid Association and she was given a chance to study the program of the city-wide charities. She began, also, to investigate conditions for herself, securing such facts as these:

"Let us place ourselves," she wrote in 1883, "in a small room in a crowded tenement house or cottage home. It is early summer; the fire is red-hot, the dinner is cooking, the washtub is full of steaming clothes, a crying baby is tied in a rocking chair, several children are just home from school and are in a

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rush to be off again, the eldest is waiting to carry dinner to the father. In the midst, the tired mother is trying to do everything at once. . . . Again we find, upon entering the room, the mother sick or absent at work, the daughter, not more than ten or twelve, trying bravely to do the work of the household, with little to do it with. Or there is a father lying in bed; the heart-broken mother, thankful that sleep has at last stopped his drunken fury, is trying to catch the last glimmer of light to finish the dozen shirts, for the making of which she hopes to receive thirty or forty cents, with which she hopes to buy bread. . . . Such rooms or scenes may be found in every city by the hundreds, nay, thousands.”¹

The tenement house cause was a great cause in the year 1879. The cholera epidemic in New York City in 1866 had stirred the fear of New York citizens. They had seen the dangers to themselves in these breeding places of disease. The tenement houses, however, had stayed on. Tenement landlords grew richer. The civic conscience was again aroused in 1879. Dr. Charles Parkhurst took up the cause from his pulpit. This committee on which Grace Dodge was serving had helped start the fight for tenement house reform in 1879. There was something to fight

¹ *The Weekly Witness*, July 12, 1883.

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about—the filth and disease and misery which landlords were bartering for human life at a profit of twenty-five per cent.—who could want a better cause?

Grace Dodge was stirred by the conditions which she found. She saw for herself the blighting effect which these tenement homes were having on people. From every angle the problem pulled at her. Her inborn love of cleanliness and thrift, her interest in health, her belief in homes, in persons, in goodness—these urged her on to action. But, on the other hand, she could not enter into the experience of the tenement homes, she was too young at twenty-five, she had been too sheltered to understand, she had not yet gotten her gloves off. Yet, being chairman of a committee that had for its object the promotion of better homes for the poor, she had to do something.

Two alternatives of action lay before her: the more personal way of educating the poor, training them in better methods of living, encouraging their desire for better conditions and eventually working for better conditions; or the more public way of arousing public opinion against the tenement landlord profiteering, working for laws that would make the whole system impossible. The one course was the quiet path of education; the other was the tumult-

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tuous highway of notorious publicity, law courts, and an unladylike shaking of fists at even such a substantial and sacred edifice as old Trinity Church, itself a tenement landlord.

Grace Dodge had no genius for a public fight. She was born to take the more cloistered route. She took it. "What the poor need," she wrote, "is to be taught providence, thrift, cleanliness, and management. The women do not know how to spend money properly nor the science of making happy homes. They need to be taught these necessary things."

One cannot afford to undervalue the work which this committee did. It rendered important service to the poor in its educational work, in cooperating with the city Board of Health. It sought to help the poor to help themselves, protecting them from the profiteers by establishing coal clubs and loan associations. It had a sub-committee on legal aid to see that the poor got justice from the exorbitant furniture and coal profiteers and the grasping landlords. But it did not focus its whole influence on removing the underlying causes of injustice.

A woman might have assumed the leadership of this fight to wipe out the slums of New York City in 1881 if she had been properly trained for this work, if she had paid for the privilege of rendering such a

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service. Grace Dodge had not earned the right to be the prophet of the cause of city homes. It was not enough to have a great desire to help, not enough to be chairman of a committee whose purpose it was to help. The prerequisites for the prophet of such a cause were to have known hunger in the presence of food-lined streets; to have been intimate with that lonely city cold and the desolate restlessness of dirty papers in garbaged alleys; to have tried in summer to sleep in sunless, airless rooms; to have shuddered at the immorality ingrained with the filth; to have sensed hot anger at the forever irremediable injury done to children; to have been all but overcome with the conviction of the utter cheapness of human life; and yet to have lifted one's self above it and to have reached up to a belief in the beauty and pricelessness of human life in a city. These things the prophet of the cause of city homes must have experienced before he could compel his city to listen. Such a prophet the city of New York was getting ready. Jacob Riis was to come in 1884 with coals from off some altar that were to make the public conscience writhe with the realization of the frightful human cost which was furnishing the profit to the landlords. But the hour had not quite arrived.

What assistance the Committee on the Elevation

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of the Poor in Their Homes may have rendered with their investigation, education and protective legislation, we cannot estimate, nor should we underestimate. Causes must have prophets and brilliant leaders, yet there are other essentials. The quiet educational work of this committee had value that should not be overlooked. It helped to assemble an audience and set the stage for Jacob Riis in 1884.

Three things Grace Dodge had faced so far: the kitchen garden classes for the little girls of poor families; a club of working girls who had resented her approach to them; and a committee that sought to better the condition of homes that had been made desolate by poverty. From this early laboratory experience she was acquiring a first-hand knowledge of conditions in homes, factories and shops, skill in the technique of organization, a deeply enriched content for her sympathy with people, and a deepening conviction of the need of education. More and more her interest was becoming focused on education as a process by which people might find satisfaction in living.

Some of this early work she did badly, for she had little training. The Committee on the Elevation of the Poor in Their Homes was to lead on to nothing;

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she was later to give it up entirely. The club of girls was to lead her much further, even to the threshold of the modern industrial movement of women. Kitchen gardens were to lead to an international center of education.

CHAPTER IV
CHILD OF THE DAUGHTERS
OF LABOR

CHAPTER IV

CHILD OF THE DAUGHTERS OF LABOR

ON a winter day in 1883, a girl stood knocking at the door of Grace Dodge's home. This girl was Irene Tracy, a silk winder in one of the factories. She had something to ask of Grace Dodge. It must have been at evening that Irene Tracy stood at 262 Madison Avenue with her question, for her hours of work were long and only her evenings were free. But long hours of work could not yet deter her enthusiasm, nor dilute her eagerness to live.

Irene Tracy was a girl who loved the city of New York. She loved the crowds, the gaiety. The city air was fragrant to her; the noise of bells and whistles, of slamming doors and clattering traffic, was but music to her. The comradeship of many workers was essential. She sang her way through the monotonous winding of colored strands and loved the touch of silken threads and spools and the sound of whirring machines. But she was to pay extravagantly for her urban loves. Her friends were soon to

see what a price she was paying, for the long hours and the unsanitary conditions were to conquer her body. Her friends advised her to go to the country. Go to the country? Exchange her lamp posts for trees, the sidewalks resounding with human footsteps for grass and lonely roads, the lights of city streets for sun and moon and stars? Never! She would stick to her city! "I'd rather die up against a lamp post in a city," she announced, "than go to your country!"

But she had not yet had to face this decision when she went to Grace Dodge with her question. Not for herself alone did she go to Grace Dodge, but for many other girls also. She was one of the girls in the club at the silk factory which had been organized two winters ago. The club had met for two years, but at the beginning of this third winter the girls had become scattered, the building in which they had met was sold, and Grace Dodge was busy at home.

"Miss Dodge," Irene Tracy asked, "are we not to have any more talks?"

"I think not," Grace Dodge answered, "for we have no place to meet, I do not know where the girls are and I have many extra duties here at home on account of sickness. I think it best to give them up

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this year." But Irene Tracy wanted to have the club, for the girls had nothing else.

"We must not stop," she insisted. "We must go on. Will you come if thirty girls invite you and do all the work about finding a room?"

The appeal of the girl was irresistible. "I give you only a week to find the girls," Grace Dodge answered, "and you must have the written signatures of twenty." She wanted to be sure that she was wanted, for she had probably not forgotten that other first night, the shuffling of benches, the throwing of books, the resentment that flashed out from unknown faces.

In seven days Irene Tracy returned with the signatures of nineteen girls. "The twentieth girl also wants you to come but she could not sign until tomorrow, and I feared this would be too late," Irene explained. She had secured a room, rent free. The club work was continued.

But as these girls looked out over their city, they saw other girls who would enjoy being a part of this club. One girl, especially, felt this need to enlarge the group. She took her question to Grace Dodge. "Miss Dodge," she asked, "is our club doing enough? There are hundreds of girls in this city who would like to belong. Are we going to continue with just a small club?"

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"What do you think we could do?" asked Grace Dodge.

"We could see what the other girls of the club think and we might have something big. We might organize!" That was a breathless suggestion for a girl to make in 1884. These two, Grace Dodge and the girl from the factory, decided to call a special meeting to discuss the possibility of enlarging their club and getting many girls to join with them. Twelve girls discussed this question for two hours. A few evenings later they met again in February, 1884, thirteen of them, in the home of a silk worker on Tenth Avenue. Their discussion was frequently interrupted by the noise from the tenements below. In addition to the usual street sounds, the cries, the shoutings, there was an overflow of hilarity from a clubroom below them where a German Socialist Club was having a heated session.

In this little tenement room the decision to organize was finally reached. Yet, that was not the more important feature of this evening meeting. The more significant decision was the choice of a name. Should they call themselves working girls? They were aware that people looked down upon those who worked and with condescension classed them as "the working girls." Leisure was more respected than

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work; "women of leisure" stood far higher in the social scale. This group of thirteen girls in a noisy tenement room on an evening in February, 1884, faced the ignominious connotation of this thing to which they daily gave their lives—*work*. Above the noise of the shouting that arose from the dingy windows and dirty streets below, the voice of a girl summed up their courageous conclusion, "Our organization is truly the child of the daughters of labor. Our fathers and mothers work; before them, their fathers and mothers worked; and we, too, work. Let us call ourselves the 'Working Girls' Society' and show New York that we are not ashamed of *work*."

In the midst of this group sat Grace Dodge, a member of that social group designated as "women of leisure." She might have been a very incongruous member of this group; but she was not, for she had cast off leisure as an ornament too expensive to be enjoyed in a city where people suffered from hunger and cold, where there were thousands of desolate homes, where children had no chance to learn to live. She, too, had chosen to follow the way of work. There was a widely separating difference in their work, for Grace Dodge worked because she chose to. There was no ignominious sting to it, no monotonous drive to it. She did work that she chose to do,

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yet once she had chosen a piece of work, she set herself to do it as if she were expected to do day labor. She appreciated work and respected workers. They banded themselves together that night — Grace Dodge and the daughters of labor—and knew the comradeship of a common objective.

Grace Dodge began to ask for advice as to how to begin this larger work. She went to the working girls themselves for this information. The forewoman in a large factory emphasized this point, "Girls are independent; they want no patronage, but rather an opportunity to govern and do for themselves." She had the wisdom to follow this expert advice. The girls managed their own club. With the exception of gifts received for the original furnishing, the club was self-supporting, each girl paying twenty-five cents initiation fee and twenty cents monthly dues.

The club grew. When the membership reached one hundred and fifty, the club rented the floor of a building for twenty-five dollars a month and paid five dollars a month for gas. A committee on furnishing was appointed and it met three nights a week to make ready the new clubroom. They chose for their club colors turkey red, a "wild red" that expressed their club spirit, that summed up what they wanted their club to be—something that surged

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with life. They bought "a roll of burlap and turkey red," some glue and other necessary as well as ornamental articles.

This was a new experience for Grace Dodge, an enlarging experience—this festivity of decorating a room with turkey red. She had been used to the more reticent shades and she retained a predilection for the less flaring tones of color as the *motif* for interior decoration. Yet, the club belonged to the girls and they should have what they wanted. She came to love these enthusiastic evenings, the comradeship of hammering and gluing, the effervescent joy of girls making ready their first clubroom. New members flocked to the clubroom. They, too, wanted to hammer and paste and hang turkey red curtains.

In time the room was ready, and then the club girls sat down one night to contemplate their work. They saw that it was good. It was good but it was finished. "What are we going to do in this room?" they began to ask themselves. One girl said that she wanted a dressmaking class. Another wished to learn how to operate a machine. They went out and secured enough girls to form a class to study dressmaking or machine operation, or whatever the interest was. They collected a circulating library of five hundred volumes. Practical talks were given by

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Grace Dodge or by "a female physician." The girls played and sang and danced.

The club also took up the matter of dress. "It occurred to some of us that during work hours, while bending over machines, standing at looms, or using the arms in any way, a good substitute for a basque and corset would be a health waist and a loose woolen shirt, or blouse, made after the fashion of the pretty English tennis shirts. Corsets are all very well for Sundays and best dresses, but why submit to any extra weariness during the long day? About forty-five health waists were ordered by the enthusiasts. . . . A new wave in favor of health and straight shoulders and well proportioned waists has been the outcome of one of the new classes, the musical drill. . . . It is not calisthenics, and it is not dancing, but a combination of both; a march to music, with sliding and skipping movements."¹

These club members went back to their shops and factories and told of their club meetings. Grace Dodge went everywhere preaching the gospel of organizing clubs, of the strength that would come through union. She wrote articles for newspapers and magazines. Many similar clubs were organized. Grace Dodge had all records and accounts and min-

¹ *The Union Signal*, September 26, 1889.

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utes strictly kept. Every account book must balance and every tea-cup must be put away after the party was over. They must learn to manage their own business and manage it in a tidy fashion. This first club was called the "38th Street Working Girls' Society," but was later changed to the Irene Club in memory of Irene Tracy. The *New York Evening Post* of March 11, 1885, reports the first annual meeting of these societies:

"In the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association last evening was held the first annual meeting of the Association of Working Girls' Societies. A thousand girls and women met to discuss the growth and needs of the many working girls' clubs which have been organized during the last year in this city and neighborhood. Ten clubs were represented by their members, or most of them, and two clubs—one of Philadelphia and one of Yonkers—were represented by delegates."

The Philadelphia members had several novel features to report, one being "a mending department, for darning, patching, etc., which was advertised in the first place, 'To Bachelors and other unfortunates.'"

"Practical Talks" had become the heart of the club program. They had originated at an early club

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meeting when a girl had asked about the making of the fire in the fireplace. A discussion followed concerning the proper way to make a fire. The method which Grace Dodge used in conducting these practical talks was simple: "A topic is given out the week before, or a question is asked to be answered, and the leader for twenty or thirty minutes presents her view of the matter, and then for fifteen minutes the girls ask and answer questions, or give their opinions, and in a few moments, at the end, the leader gathers up the threads, and presents the conclusions reached."

For the first discussions Grace Dodge selected the questions herself and they were such topics as are suggested below: " 'The Home—what it should be, and how we can make it,' was the subject, followed by several meetings devoted to household work, and during them all questions were freely asked by the class, and answered if possible.

"Then came nights when topics upon personal and home hygiene were taken up, and here the interest became intense. . . ."

The girls soon began to make their own suggestions about topics for discussion. Every two or three months, at club meetings, paper and pencils were given to each member and each one wrote down the subjects which she most wanted discussed. The ques-

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tions were read aloud and the group made a selection of the best subjects. One of their first lists included the following: "Health, loyalty, industry, economy, jealousy, about banks, vanity and conceit, how to be happy, how to cultivate a cheerful disposition, how to acquire executive ability, how to find out a true friend, how a working girl is to dress, how to make money, how can some people accomplish so much more than others without being tired, are cosmetics injurious to the skin, about letter writing, why there are so many poor in such a plentiful city, the seven wonders of the world."¹

Later, other questions, which show that their interest was being enlarged from the personal to the social interest, were brought up: "Ought immigration to be restricted? Are labor organizations increasing among women? What have they accomplished? How far are we responsible for the bargain counter and sweating system? When is a strike beneficial? What can we do to promote a better public life? Should the government assume control of railroads? In what way can women obtain, for the same work, the same wages as men? Is there any danger that men's salaries will be cut down to what women receive?"²

¹ Letter from Grace Dodge to New York State Y. W. C. A.

² *The Federalist*, May, 1894.

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Many of these questions were beyond the field of Grace Dodge's experience, but the policy which she advocated was, "The girls must have what they want in the way they want it." Each girl must have freedom to present her point of view. To lead such discussions required much study and investigation. Grace Dodge went to the experts in the different subjects and secured from them the facts which she needed, or she employed investigators to do this research work. A fine analysis of problems and situations was demanded of her.

A silk weaver evaluated these practical talks in this way: "Practical Talks give us a better idea of the value of time more than anything else can, for the reason that we learn to think quickly and speak readily, and the friction puts our ideas into definite shape, so that almost before we are aware of it we have been able to put into words the very ideas we never thought would see the light of day. . . . In Practical Talks nothing is glossed over; we are living our lives, and our talk, therefore, must come from our practical experience to be worth much. Hereby plain facts are talked out and we find that what we value will not come to us in life without the hard work beforehand. Every experience, however small it may seem, is going to be of use to us;

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nothing is wasted, nor can we foresee how soon we may find it most useful. Practical Talks is an education that cannot be found in either schools or colleges; it is an education in life and living, which all people, however they may be situated in life, need."¹

A question arose in the New York clubs which aroused the most indifferent girls. It came from many sources almost simultaneously. It was first asked by two girls from the cigarette factory. These two girls called Grace Dodge aside one evening and Bessie Barens said, "Mary and I have a matter we want to bring before the club tonight and wish to consult you first." Then turning an earnest face up, she asked, "Don't you think that New Yorkers think working girls are stupid?"

The president [Grace Dodge] quickly answered, "Yes, Bessie, I think as a whole they do. . . ."

"We thought so," the girl replied. "Now we want to prove that working girls are not stupid and have a plan to present to the girls tonight. . . . We propose to start a newspaper to be managed by girls and all the articles written by them."

The newspaper did not materialize, but the question kept recurring. An older girl of much experience one evening asked Grace Dodge, "Have we girls contaminated you?"

¹ Article on *Working Girls' Clubs*, by Grace H. Dodge.

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"What do you mean?" Grace Dodge replied.

"Oh, you know that people say that merely to be a factory girl is a disgrace; so we were afraid that in some way association with us may have hurt you, and we would not want this to be so."

The matter was brought to a climax one June evening in 1889 when one of the members came into the clubrooms indignant over an article which quoted the words of a prominent New York woman showing a lack of appreciation of working girls. "Why do so many people have a poor opinion of working girls?" this girl asked her club that night.

After a long discussion of this subject, this club passed the following resolutions and sent them to the fourteen other clubs in the New York Association of Clubs:

"Whereas, It is generally conceded that there has grown up in the public mind a poor opinion of the characters, aims and surroundings of working girls, and

"Whereas, Among the girls themselves there is rarely found a true idea of the dignity of labor, or a realization of the honors and privileges possessed by all girls, and

"Whereas, It appears that good would result from

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a discussion of these matters by members of the Working Girls' Societies, therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That the various Clubs belonging to the New York Association of Working Girls' Societies be respectfully asked to consider the following questions, and to report the result of their conclusions by the 15th of December to the president of the 38th Street Society:

"1st. Is it possible or feasible, to bring about a change of public opinion as to the aims and characteristics of a large percentage of working girls?

"2nd. How can we as working girls, and as members of Working Girls' Societies, aid in bringing about the change?

"3rd. How can we still further arouse girls to a full appreciation of their power and influence to make of themselves and their companions strong helpful girls, endowed with all purity, modesty, and brightness?"

Thus the controversy went on. Thus the fight was waged for the recognition of the dignity of work.

As Grace Dodge associated with these girls week after week and year after year, her knowledge of them developed from the general to the specific. In October 4, 1883, she wrote: "The girls working in shop or factory are often miserably paid, and can find

but irregular work. They do not eat proper food. They live in a state of nervous excitement. They sleep and work in poorly ventilated rooms, and are rarely left alone. They are forced to dress well, and in consequence, spend all that is possible upon their clothes. . . .

After ten years of work with them, she came forth with rich data of experience. In December 31, 1891, she wrote for a newspaper the following signed article:

"The competition and lowering of wages, occasioned by the coming of large numbers of immigrants, fitted as they are for all grades of work, constitutes one of the greatest evils affecting the present condition of working women. For example, a bright, clever silk weaver came into a club room one evening with the question: " 'What are we to do now the X———have arrived?"

"A friend said, " 'How can they affect you?"

" 'Why they can live on sixty cents per week and I cannot.'

" 'Yes, but I do not see how they can harm you.'

" 'Don't you know?' she continued, 'that the X——— are silk weavers? They are being trained in our factory, and wages are reduced already a large percentage?'

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"These silk weavers who weave the beautiful brocades sold at four and five dollars a yard receive from a third to a half less weekly wages than they did seven years ago, and yet they do the same work.

"Another problem confronts these girls and women. If a grievance exists in a shop or factory and one girl goes to the superintendent or employer, she will not be listened to, because she is an individual and complainant. If a body of the girls go, they will not be listened to because they are a body and suggest an organization or a strike. As many often say, 'What can we do, how can we be heard?'

"When engaging in a store or factory a girl usually has to pledge herself to give from a week's to two weeks' notice of her intention of leaving. But the employer thinks it right on a Saturday night, when the pay is handed out, to simply write on the envelope, 'Your services are no longer required.' In some cities the money is put into a white envelope instead of a brown one, white meaning, *dismissed*. It makes no difference whether the girl has been in the place ten years or ten days, she receives the same treatment, and no inquiries are answered as to why she is not wanted.

"Women work for longer hours, work more steadily and expend much more nervous force than

men do, and yet receive less pay. In few stores or factories is there any pay for overtime. A girl may work during December until eleven or twelve o'clock at night and receive no extra pay, and usually when the Saturday half-holiday is given in a factory, the lunch hour for the whole week is shortened, or the hour for closing at night lengthened, so that the girls work the same number of hours per week as though they had no hours off on Saturday. The ordinary number of hours a factory girl is employed is nine and a half to ten and a half or sixty hours per week. Seats should be provided wherever possible and the girls allowed to use them. In a number of our large stores seats are placed but a girl is fined if found sitting on them."

Her conclusion in 1883 had been: "What is needed in this country, as in England, is preventive work, work designed to teach, uplift, encourage and help girls live true, noble lives." In 1891, she knew that the problem was not so easy as she had at first thought. She wrote: "It is difficult to answer the question as to how these wrongs can be righted, for on some points one has to go down to the root of life, both national and local. But that the evils can and will be righted, I firmly believe. Many will be remedied when women come to recognize a common sis-

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terhood, and learn to honor and admire what is good in each other."

As Grace Dodge's understanding of these girls had become enriched, their estimate of her had changed, too. The background of wealth from which she came no doubt puzzled them; the economics of New York they could not comprehend. How *could* there be so many poor in such a plentiful city? Bitter resentment against these women of leisure who came to educate them was abroad in some of these working girls' clubs. Lillian Wald says that when she went to Henry Street in 1893 some of the girls who came to the Henry Street Settlement from nearby working girls' clubs felt bitter toward certain women who led their club. They despised the patronage of these "ladies." "Yet," said Miss Wald, "these clubs awakened girls and stimulated them to further activity."

In spite of the resentment that was in the air, they believed in the sincerity of Grace Dodge. One night the question was asked how she could be a member of a working girls' club. Quickly a girl spoke from the far end of the room in her defense. In her magnanimity the girl swiftly translated wealth into terms of work that wage earners understood: "We work, and so does Miss Dodge; we receive in payment

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weekly wages; her wages were earned in advance." These girls who were paid by the week accepted this explanation. Though the economics of this statement may be called in question, yet their faith in her cannot be. They wanted to believe in her, to justify her wealth. They, working ten and twelve hours a day for scant wages, paid her high tribute with this phrase which was for them the seal of her adoption as one of the daughters of labor.

The quotations in this chapter not otherwise noted are taken from newspaper and magazine articles written by Miss Dodge.

CHAPTER V
"THE BEST KNOWN WORKING
WOMEN'S CLUB WOMAN
IN AMERICA"

CHAPTER V

"THE BEST KNOWN WORKING WOMEN'S CLUB WOMAN IN AMERICA"

A mere handful of girls they were in the later eighties and the early nineties, these daughters of labor. They had at first been drawn together by a common desire for recreation and self-improvement. Through this recreation and study, they had developed the consciousness of being a group of girls who worked. They had sought to dignify the term, "working girl." Then New York hurled its stinging insult at them; it accused them of being stupid. They knew that they had had no chance for an education but they also knew that they were not stupid. This insult, inflicted on them by public opinion, had welded them together. In April, 1890, they were ready to call their first national convention, which met at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

Grace Dodge welcomed the delegates from seventy-five clubs which represented a membership of

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two thousand one hundred and fifty-one girls. How good it was to be together, to taste the experience of being a part of a national movement! They were no longer solitary makers and sellers of silk and cigarettes and carpets and corsets. Grace Dodge must have been conscious of this new group spirit when she said to them in her address of welcome: "This is the age of cooperation and organization. In all classes of life, women are rising, and securing by means of cooperation, opportunity for advancement and social intercourse never before dreamed of." The girls read papers and reported the work of their clubs. Lizzie Hayes, a forewoman in a silk factory, set a new watchword for the movement in her three-word appeal—"Agitation, education, cooperation." But the convention itself did not deal so much with larger purposes as it did with the framework of organization, the program of club work.

Grace Dodge was very proud of them; their papers and speeches pleased her. She urged them on to larger enterprises, she saw the possibilities of cooperation; but she did not forget that they were persons. In a sense, she felt that they were all her guests and that she must attend to the lesser details of their comfort and welfare. In partial fulfilment of her obligation as hostess, she had sent to the Metropolitan Opera

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House a large crate of rubbers for fear that some of the delegates might have forgotten to bring theirs and might be exposed to the raw spring weather. Attached to her belt was a stout chain and watch which greatly influenced the proceedings of this, their first convention. If they were going to have a convention, it was important to have the sessions of this convention open and close on time.

This convention aroused the interest of the public in the Working Girls' Societies. When, in January, 1891, the social reunion of the New York City Clubs was held in Madison Square Garden with two thousand club members present and seven thousand guests, New York began to ask what all this "Agitation, Education and Cooperation" was about.

It pleased Grace Dodge to take up their cause with the public and explain what these thousands of girls were working for. In the next two or three years, she recorded her notes on seventy-five speeches which she made in explanation of this movement of working girls. She spoke at women's conferences, women's clubs, colleges, churches, girls' gatherings, wherever she could find an audience. There must have been a great deal of patronage towards these working girls, especially among groups of older women, or else Grace Dodge would not have so

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frequently warned women against the unsisterliness of patronage. Grace Dodge had that very common experience, after speaking to a person or a group of persons on what these girls had accomplished, of being asked, "Oh, but are not these girls exceptions?" She was constantly denying this. In a series of articles on Working Girls' Societies in the *Union Signal*, she wrote, "But I hear a reader say: 'All these illustrations are exceptional cases.' Undoubtedly certain ones are, but an intimate acquaintance with hundreds of factory girls makes me feel that all over our cities there are grand, earnest characters at work in our shops and factories."

In speaking of these girls to a group at Chautauqua, New York, August 6, 1891, Grace Dodge said: "We find among girls workers of all grades. They are in every occupation. The statistics compiled in that wonderful report of the Department of Labor, give us three hundred and forty-three trades, not including clerks, and stenographers. We find among them girls living in the poorest of surroundings and others in bright, happy homes. The average wage earned is \$5.24 per week, and six thousand six hundred and fourteen out of seventeen thousand four hundred and twenty-seven do their own housework. They are of great service to our nation: without them, the

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world's history could not go on. I almost hesitate to speak of their grand lives, for people say I am prejudiced, etc., but I have known many of them intimately for twelve years, and perhaps through this friendship I am privileged to speak. . . ."

There was a great demand in the women's colleges of the east to know of this movement of Working Girls' Societies. Grace Dodge was the popular evangelist of the cause. She spoke at Vassar College April 22, 1888, on "Women's Responsibility to Women." April 26, 1891, she laid before the girls of Wellesley College the watchword of the working girls' movement, "Agitation, Education, Cooperation." She went to Bryn Mawr College, May 5, 1891, emphasizing there the need for education which wage earners felt, and their efforts to secure it. In 1892 she presented the same cause to the girls of Smith College.

When Grace Dodge spoke at Bryn Mawr College, a group of girls lingered to ask questions. In this group was Emma Bailey (Mrs. Robert E. Speer). Mrs. Speer, in recalling this speech said, "I saw for the first time that we were being educated to do something. She made us believe in ourselves. As she stood in the room talking with us, she was like sunlight in the morning." This was a part of the general

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social service awakening of college students which began to gather strength in the nineties. The College Settlement of New York City and Hull House of Chicago were established in 1889. College students began to consider their social responsibility.

Many other leaders were closely associated with Grace Dodge in these Working Girls' Societies. Especially notable are the names of Virginia Potter and Mrs. Richard Irwin, and Mrs. Sarah S. Ollesheimer. When Virginia Potter was looking about New York in search of some work to give herself to, she was given this advice by a friend, "If you do not want to work much, there is ————, but if you want to work with a steam engine, go to Grace Dodge." There is not space here to tell of the work of Miss Potter and Mrs. Ollesheimer, but it seems that they saw this movement of working girls with more profound insight than did Grace Dodge.

The Working Girls' Societies grew remarkably during these years, both in membership and in quality of work. There were now five recognized associations of working girls' clubs—New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia. These associations planned to hold their second national convention in Boston, May, 1894. Special delegates from these five associations of clubs met in

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New York City, October 19, 1893, to plan the program of the convention. "They recommended the preparation of papers, not only on topics bearing directly upon clubs, their work, their aims, their problems, but also on other subjects of vital interest to working women. Speakers, whose investigation and experience give authority to their words, will be invited to present certain topics of importance." At the New York City convention, they had discussed only the program and machinery of their clubs, but now they proposed to discuss the problems that the larger movement of working women faced.

The *Boston Transcript* April 7, 1894, carried an item about the coming convention and interpreted its new régime of work: "The purpose of this second convention is to understand more intelligently the mission of working girls' clubs and this gives a broader outlook than the mere discussion of ways and means. Speakers have been chosen who are not only conversant with the different departments of club life but who are qualified to give valuable information and suggestions on subjects which will be of general interest to all who have the welfare of working women at heart and who care for the world at large."

"The working girls have for a long time been ignored as an industrial factor," the *Boston Herald*

stated May 5, 1894, "but this gathering of their clubs means the serious and earnest effort on the part of a great many people that they shall be brought together in a helpful way to maintain their rights, and to increase their consciousness of being a part of the constructive forces of the world. In the present order of things, the working girls are destined to more and more prominence in the social spheres of labor, and their organization is a source of protection and strength which is to be warmly commended."

Just previous to the assembling of this convention, May 6, 1894, the *Boston Globe* commented, "To the man or woman of thought, the fact that such a convention of women will assemble to consider important questions bearing on cooperation in club and social life, as well as to discuss the wage and the industrial problem, carries a tremendous significance.

"It proves that women are being forced to consider the serious questions of a practical life, and because this is true there are working women's clubs all over the country today."

By seven o'clock in the evening of May 10, 1894, almost every seat in Music Hall was filled with eager convention delegates and their friends. They had need to come early, these representatives from the shops and factories, for a great hour had come to them.

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They were no longer struggling alone; they were winning recognition. That night President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth College was to speak to them, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor, and Alice Freeman Palmer, former president of Wellesley College.

"You represent three and a half million working women in the United States," said the Commissioner of Labor. "Keep on with your meetings; meet everywhere; meet often," he urged. "Show the world that you mean business."

Who can describe the beauty of that hour when Alice Freeman Palmer stood before them to talk with them of work and of life. Ten years before, they had had to fight to keep from feeling ashamed of work, and during the years that followed they had been trying to prove that they were not stupid. How they must have lifted their heads as Alice Freeman Palmer talked to them of work! "I feel incapable," she said, "of speaking in the midst of so many bright, thinking women, whose papers on the social questions of the day have made me feel so humble.

. . . How can women of leisure pass days bored to death through want of something to do? Your lives, dear friends, are full of richness and variety.

. . . I hope the time will come when it will not be

quite respectable or safe for a girl to sit idle any more than a boy."¹

She urged them to study the questions of the day. "All questions," Alice Freeman Palmer continued, "that come out in the morning papers are ethical questions, from the silver question to the tariff bill, and they will be settled when you girls are united on these subjects. Whether inside or outside of politics or political parties, you girls will settle these questions and will settle them right. . . . The problem of life will only be solved when you girls live and work together in love, imagination, and heartfelt loyalty. . . . In that glad time we shall be one; and we never shall until the working girls and the working women tell us how."²

Back of this program, back of the machinery of this organization, stood the great evangelist of their cause, Grace Dodge. "The best known working women's club woman in America," she was introduced, "originator and inspirer of the whole movement, a brave, wise, earnest woman of commanding presence, the mention of whose name always elicited a round of applause." "It was Miss Grace H. Dodge," said another, "who set in motion the ball which has assumed such tremendous proportions."

¹ *The Boston Herald*, May 11, 1894.

² *The Boston Globe*, May 11, 1894.

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Grace Dodge was filled with pride at the achievements of this convention, at the vital and advanced social questions which they discussed; but she could no longer lead them, for they were going beyond her. She must have begun to feel that there at Boston she had taken the working girls' clubs as far as she could. Thirteen years ago the first girl had asked that first question, "Why cannot we do something for the girls in the silk factory?" She had believed in these girls and had loved them with a rare devotion. She had respected their questions, their preferences, her policy being that "girls should, in their clubs, do what they wanted to do, in the *way* they wanted to do it." She had speeded their desires with her swift executive ability and by her capable business brain she had conserved their loyalty to the cause which they sought to advance; but now she must turn it over to the educators, and the economists.

Her basic respect for human personality had made it possible for her to be a pioneering leader in the transition period between the old era of patronage and the new era of self-expression of girls who worked. Her clubs had been founded on a basis of semi-patronage where two or three "cultured ladies" united with a large group of working girls toward the goal of independence and self-expression. Her

work had been a bridge by which these girls had passed from the old to the new, but their new world she could not enter, for she was a part of the old.

Vida Scudder, one of the group that in the later eighties began the college settlement movement in the east, in explaining Grace Dodge's relation to the social problems of this period, writes that the group of people working in the College Settlement "felt the limitation of Grace Dodge's social outlook." "Hers was the ardent solicitude for the upbuilding of character," Vida Scudder writes, "but I do not think that she had any appreciation, in the modern sense, of the reaction of economic conditions on personality. It was not in her tradition to realize it . . . I heard much about her, honored and admired her."

In tracing the history of the industrial movement of women in "Women and the Labor Movement" Alice Henry stated, "Miss Grace Dodge's work in forming working women's clubs had its influence." These clubs, Alice Henry believes, were a bridge between the old and the new and helped to awaken girls to what they themselves might do. Perhaps the work of this transitional period could only be preparatory work. Yet that Boston convention of Working Girls' Societies appears to be a great moment that

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was unseized. The forces, essential to a great advance, seem to have assembled, and then scattered because of the lack of effective leadership.

Grace Dodge was young enough to be such a leader and she was old enough, being thirty-eight. She was vigorous, energetic; she was an influential leader of women, and she lived in the heart of the industrial section. "She was a giantess in work for women," said Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. "She was a mountain of a woman," is the summary of a Wall Street financier. "When she brought an idea into a board meeting, that idea had something to lean up against. She went at a job and carried the work through." What strength she could have thrown into the struggle, what facts she could have marshaled! How her respect for people would have utilized the contribution of every girl in the movement, how humbly she would have consulted their wishes and made it their movement!

But one thing she lacked—the conviction that it was her place to do this job. She made a careful estimate of all her resources; she weighed her ability against her inability, and believed that she was not the person to lead this group into its new fields. This was one of the alluring highways from which she had to turn aside. It was an important work but it was

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not her work. She had not been born to do it. Who knows with what regret and sadness she made that gesture of dismissal—"1896—Directorship resigned W. G.'s Ass'n. etc." Turning from the economic struggle of women which would involve legislation and a public fight, she set her face toward another endeavor that was more consonant with her traditions.

CHAPTER VI
NEW WINE-SKINS FOR NEW
WINE OF EDUCATION

CHAPTER VI

NEW WINE-SKINS FOR NEW WINE OF EDUCATION

DURING these years when Grace Dodge was devoting much time to the Working Girls' Societies, she was at work on other enterprises also. The little library in the Riverdale greenhouse outgrew the greenhouse shelves. John Beatty, the gardener, had a great love for books, and in his leisure moments he promoted the cause of literature, and Grace Dodge stood by him, encouraging his enthusiasm. Mr. Dodge soon built a small library and the greenhouse books were removed there. Grace Dodge made this note in her diary: "1882—Organized Riverdale Library."

Education was becoming her more absorbing interest. While working week after week and year after year with girls who had been deprived of education, she came to be aware of the value of it. She saw education, not as an academic treasure hoarded for the benefit of the few, but as a river of water for all

who were athirst, for every barren home and for every parched community. She did not look at education from the academic viewpoint; she saw it from the angle of the person who wished to be educated in order that he might the better live.

The kitchen gardens had been a joy to her. They had flourished beyond all expectations and had spread through the country like magic. Much publicity had been given to this movement. The Kitchen Garden Association in the city of Chicago was publishing a magazine. Many countries were introducing this work. So great an interest in industrial education was aroused by the Kitchen Garden Association that in 1884 the Association itself was outgrown. The program of work needed to be enlarged to include older girls and also boys.

Perhaps there was in her some attachment to the old wine-skin of kitchen gardens, but if there were, the merchant in her would hear nothing of it. A wine-skin was to the merchant a skin for holding wine. If it held the wine satisfactorily, then it should be retained; if it did not, then it should be discarded. Now the kitchen gardens had outgrown the Kitchen Garden Association and, useful as it had been in the past, it was, in 1884, inefficient. The eleven women who had been present at the organization of the Kitchen

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Garden Association held a meeting. The business to be considered was: "Should they dissolve the old organization and form another which would permit of broader work, or should they continue with the old Association which was dear to them? The vote was taken: seven voted to retain the old; four voted to move forward into a new organization. In the latter group appears the name of "Grace H. Dodge."

Grace Dodge was as persistent as a repeating alarm clock when she believed she was in the right, and she was possibly as irritating as this mechanical contrivance is to one who wishes to take his ease when there is work to be accomplished. The minority continued to advance the new plan.

Finally, at a meeting of the Kitchen Garden Association at the home of Grace Dodge, 262 Madison Avenue, March 21, 1884, a resolution was passed by which the Kitchen Garden Association was dissolved. At the same time the Industrial Education Association was organized.

The broader work of the new association is shown in the objects of the association as stated in the new constitution:

"I. To promote special training of both sexes in any of those industries which affect the house and

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home directly or indirectly, and which will enable those receiving it to become self-supporting.

"II. To select, prepare and publish such books and pamphlets as shall conduce to an increased knowledge of these subjects.

"III. To study, devise and introduce methods and systems of domestic and industrial training into schools.

"IV. To form special classes for technical training.

"V. To train teachers, who shall be able, and ready, to assist in the work, wherever a favorable opening occurs."

In April, 1884, a chair and a desk were rented in a corner of the office of the State Charities Aid Association at 6 East 14th Street. This "chair and desk," Grace Dodge later pointed out, with some amusement, as the original equipment of Teachers College; but it was not just a chair and desk. It was a chair and desk plus a growing idea, plus persons who believed in this growing idea, plus one person who stood back of their belief and would see it through to its solid conclusion. *This* was the original equipment of Teachers College.

The report of this association for the first year is

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monotonous reading. It was given over to organization. These committees were organized and they began to function: "Schools, Classes and Lectures," "Industries," "Teachers," "Kitchen Gardens," "Printing and Finance." The membership began to increase. The association was now open for the first time to men and included among its list of honorary members, Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, President of Columbia College; and Seth Low who was later the President of Columbia University. General Alexander S. Webb, President of the College of the City of New York, was elected president of the association, with Grace Dodge as vice-president. Grace Dodge assumed the active duties of president.

In the autumn of 1884, a room for headquarters was secured at 21 University Place. From this center the cause of industrial education was widely promoted. Lectures were given and educational institutions were visited. Fifteen classes in domestic economy were conducted in private schools, and classes were taught in the evening at girls' clubs and Girls' Friendly Societies. Cooperation with the New York Cooking School developed classes in cooking. Application was made to the New York Board of Education for the use of a school building one afternoon a week for the purpose of conducting classes in

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sewing, domestic economy, designing and modeling. The request was refused, but the very refusal created new interest and, during the winter of 1884-1885, the New York City School Board appointed its first committee on "Industrial Studies."

In addition to its office at 21 University Place, the Industrial Education Association rented a large house at 54 East 11th Street "where classes could be held and where girls could be trained for true domestic service."

As acting president, Grace Dodge promoted the cause of industrial education eagerly, energetically, and with careful attention to details. She had the power of enkindling enthusiasm in other people and conserving this enthusiasm for a cause. She had never been trained to promote a cause in a small way. She had watched her grandfather and her father and the other members of the Phelps, Dodge Company promote copper. In the promotion of copper, it was necessary to look upon copper with a world view-point, both as to production and consumption. What was the world supply of copper, what was the world consumption per year? As the granddaughter of William E. Dodge, Sr., and the daughter of William E. Dodge, Jr., she lived daily in the midst of these immense enterprises in business. It was but natural

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for her to go into a world business for an idea in which she wholly believed. For her, there was no other way.

Consequently, in this first year of the Industrial Education Association, she planned largely for its work. "Questions were sent," she wrote later in summing up the history of these years, "to every leading asylum and reformatory home of the country, asking for suggestions [about industrial education] and cooperation." She consulted the leading educators of this country on the question of industrial education. She wrote to the educators in Europe, asking for their thought on this subject. How did England deal with this problem, Germany, France, China, Japan, India?

The Committee on Industries met one January afternoon in 1886. Mr. Charles A. Barnard was present at this meeting. If he had not been there on this January afternoon, this committee meeting might have been a dull affair, but Mr. Barnard was present and the committee meeting flamed with interest. One suspects that any committee meeting, which Mr. Barnard attended, was transformed by him into a delightful and fruitful occasion, and that monotonous duties became vibrant with joyous life. He was an expert in the field of industries, being a

specialist in mechanical devices. For a while he conducted a department in the *Century* magazine called "World's Work" and he set forth there new lines of mechanical work that seemed to him of value. But in addition to his being an expert along mechanical lines, he was a very versatile and charming writer. Wherever things were happening, there he was in the midst of them. The kitchen gardens had interested him. He might have been the guest on that inauspicious day, whom the little maid welcomed into the kitchen garden parlor *which was not*. If he were that guest, then he knew exactly what to do; he would just pretend there was a parlor and add only joy to the little maid's heart.

Now, on this January afternoon, the Committee on Industries asked: "How can we best arouse people all over the country to see and know what we are working for?"

Mr. Charles A. Barnard answered quickly, "By holding a Children's Industrial Exhibition."

The suggestion took the committee by storm. Indeed, it was the only thing to do, this exhibition. The committee voted to sponsor this and it set the date for six months hence. It was the intention of this committee, at first, to exhibit only the work of children in and near New York City but so little in-

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dustrial work was being done in New York that other cities were asked to cooperate. The invitation, therefore, read:

"The New York Industrial Education Association, wishing to ascertain how far and in what direction the children living in New York City and neighboring towns have been instructed in the manual arts and industries, respectfully invites schools, institutions, teachers, parents and children, interested in such work, to join with the Association in an Exhibition of Children's Handiwork."

The Exhibition was held March 31 to April 6, 1886, at the Cosmopolitan Hall at Broadway and 41st Street. Three thousand children exhibited their work and, in spite of heavy rains, seven thousand visitors came to the exhibit. The newspapers gave much space to this novel display. The city authorities, wishing to cooperate and believing that the exhibits needed to be guarded from the throngs of children who would come to see them, sent a large force of policemen to maintain order and see that nothing was molested. But the policemen found no work to do, for the children who came took such pride in the exhibit that not a cooky, not a doll's dress, not a little house, was disturbed. Gradually, the policemen were assigned to other duties.

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One policeman, however, was greatly disturbed over the exhibit. In much distress he went to a person in charge and said, "My boy has a carved owl. It is better than any of these things. Why was he not told of the exhibit?" From one to another he went with his question, "Why did not my boy know?" He left the building, as if in search of the carved owl, but he did not return.

Though the carved owl found no place in the exhibit, every other kind of object did. There was a model of a window-sash bearing the name, in a large round hand, of Bobby Burns. Master Muehlenthal had contributed a little loom; Everitt L. Thompson, an inclined railroad; a boy from a tenement, a patented clothes-line pulley; the Cripple Boys' Brush Shop, a dumb waiter; a group of boys in New York City, a model of the bridge over the East River; Tillie Taylor, a pair of woolen stockings and a loaf of bread; Augusta Stein and Katie Hebold, a child's dress. Marvelous patchwork and darning were sent from the famous school of sewing at Cassel, Germany. The list could be continued until three thousand names had been called.

"By each division, stood some friend of the cause, to explain each exhibit, while moving from group to group were Miss Dodge, Miss Brown, Mr. Potter (a

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brother to the Bishop) and other gentlemen and ladies who were in charge."¹

These visitors began to ask, "Why do not the public schools of New York City have a part in the exhibition?" The newspapers took up this question. The *New York Evening Post* of March 30, 1886, makes this comment:

"Meantime it is to be noted that from the list of schools and institutions represented, which includes representatives from various parts of the country, and noticeably from the public schools of Philadelphia, the public schools of this city are conspicuously absent. The managers hope the Commissioners will be able to find time to visit our exhibition which will be to many of them a 'liberal education.'

"As, according to the analogies of reform in New York, no official body ever does anything until it is prodded into some sort of tardy activity by outside pressure, it is to be hoped that the friends of more intelligent methods of training in our public schools will make it their business to bring the 'Commissioners of Education' and this exhibit into what may prove to the former an enlightening contact."

In the *New York Evening Post*, April 5, a school commissioner answered:

¹ Article in *Frank Leslie's Magazine*.

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To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Sir: Knowing your sense of justice, I would thank you to correct an error into which you fell in your editorial article of last Wednesday concerning the Board of Education in connection with the Industrial Education Exhibition now in this city. (1) Three members of our Board of Education were present at Cosmopolitan Hall the first evening, Messrs. Crary, Devoe, and Seligman. (2) The Board of Education has its special committee on technical education, which is now investigating the matter, and the chairman, De Witt J. Seligman, is desirous of seeing manual training made a part of the public school system of this city at an early date.

F. L. C., New York, April 2.

(What we said was that "from the list of schools and institutions represented, which includes representatives from various parts of the country, and noticeably from the public schools of Philadelphia, the public schools of this city are conspicuously absent." We do not understand this to be an error.)

Editor *Evening Post*.

A commissioner of education in a newspaper article reviewed the situation of industrial education

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in the public schools. He reminded the public that the schools did have industrial training. Every girl had to be taught sewing one hour every week! And besides, a committee had been appointed "to inquire into the practicability of the establishment of industrial education as a part of our public school system."

The "Casual Observer" in his column in the *Graphic*, April 6, added a note: "Was there ever before seen such a great, general and significant movement as is evidenced by the Children's Industrial Exhibition without a finger's worth of cooperation from our own public schools? No wonder that everybody connected with them seems sore over the subject. It is a most remarkable showing up and will bear considerable discussion, especially if we ever hope to have things bettered and New York public schools advanced to such a degree of usefulness and practicability as characterizes the schools of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, or for that matter Hoboken and Yonkers."

The lack of industrial education in the New York public schools was not the only question raised. The *Graphic*, April 6, 1886, stated: "People are beginning to ask how this exhibition came about and who are the leaders of the Industrial Education Asso-

ciation—points on which little or no information has reached the public. The Association was formed two years ago by members of that class to which New York owes most of its good works despite the popular talk about fashionable feminine frivolity, i. e., the ladies of leisure and means of New York society."

The Industrial Education Association, in order to consider how best to utilize the interest which the Children's Industrial Exhibition had raised, held a mass meeting in Association Hall to explain the broad plans for the future.

Already schools were beginning to ask where they would get teachers to teach these industrial subjects. This was a good question. Where could they get trained teachers? They consulted the Industrial Education Association but this Association did not then see that it would be well to train teachers. It did think, however, that a larger work should be undertaken for which a bigger building and a better equipment would be needed. The Board of Managers discussed leasing the old Union Theological Building at 9 University Place, but they felt that they did not have sufficient funds for this new venture and they separated for the summer with no building in sight for the enlarged work.

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In July, Grace Dodge heard that this building was to be leased for a storage house. If it were to be secured for the Industrial Education Association it must be leased immediately, and there was no possibility of calling a meeting of the Executive Committee or the Board of Managers. There was in the treasury the sum of \$500. On her own responsibility, she leased the building for eight and a fourth years. At this time she had little money of her own. The annual rent was \$6,000. She borrowed \$10,000 from the Union Seminary trustees to put the building in repair, paying \$1,000 a year interest. She spent the summer getting the building in order, not knowing whether the Industrial Education Association would take over the lease or whether she would turn it into a woman's hotel.

In the meanwhile, Mayor Grace of New York City had been mindful of the stir which the Children's Industrial Exhibition had caused. Mayor Grace was a semi-reform mayor and he decided that he should do something about this demand for industrial education which was stirring the city. He went over and talked to his friend and neighbor, Mr. William E. Dodge. In this conversation he told Mr. Dodge that he wished to appoint his daughter, Grace, as a commissioner of education, because she

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had been the chief exponent of the new movement for industrial education. Also, since the majority of the teachers were women, it seemed only fair that there should be a woman on the Board of Education. Furthermore, he explained, "Grace can get along with the men of the school board; she will not antagonize them."

No woman had ever been appointed to such a position in New York City, but if his daughter wished to undertake the work, and if Mayor Grace would appoint another woman to serve also, Mr. Dodge agreed to give his consent. It did please his daughter to accept, and Mrs. C. R. Agnew, a neighbor on Madison Avenue, the wife of a prominent physician in the city, was also appointed to serve with her. The appointment was made November 1, 1886. The *Oregonian* of Portland, Oregon, sums up the matter in this way:

"To the public, Miss Dodge is known as a granddaughter of William E. Dodge and the younger of the two representatives of her sex, chosen, presumably, for her interest in manual training, on the school board. There are some thousands of working girls scattered throughout the city, however, who took her appointment as an honor personal to themselves, and who watch the newspapers with a jealous

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eye to every word of criticism or approval that 'our president' receives. Miss Dodge is two or three years on the girlish side of thirty, tall, fresh-cheeked and brown-haired."

Thus did Mr. Charles A. Barnard's presence at a committee meeting affect the lives of thousands of children and the future of the Industrial Education Association and the New York public school system and the life of Grace Dodge.

CHAPTER VII
COMMISSIONER DODGE

CHAPTER VII

COMMISSIONER DODGE

GRACE DODGE was now at home in the city of New York. Awkwardness had dropped from her; shyness had vanished. She did not feel out of proportion to life when she faced the work of directing the educational training of two hundred thousand school children and supervising the work of four thousand teachers. She no longer had to stoop over to get at a task that was too small for her. When she and Mrs. Agnew went to make their first call on Mayor Grace, to confer with him about their work on the Board of Education, Grace Dodge walked into the municipal headquarters with a sense of power, with a contagious radiance and enthusiasm. She knew rather thoroughly the situation which the Board of Education faced in New York City. She knew the homes, the fathers and mothers, she saw what children were failing to get, she believed in their having their chance at life. The reporter, describing the incident of her call at the mayor's office, referred to her as one of "commanding presence," and

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his account leaves the impression that something with the quality of sunshine in it had just swept down the corridors of that building.

Mayor Grace took great delight in his appointment of Mr. Dodge's daughter to the school board. He had known her since she was a child and had been interested in watching her grow up. He was sure she would be good for the board. He occasionally passed her riding a black, spirited horse. She had a way with a horse that made him confident that she could handle difficult situations well. The school board stood in great need of the vigor and spirit which she possessed, for public opinion of late had been directed strongly against the board. There was a growing criticism of the stagnant state of education.

The board, however, did not share Mayor Grace's enthusiasm about his new appointees; they received this adventure into femininity with strong disapproval. What might two women on a school board do? What mightn't they do? They grew uneasy at the very uncertainty of the situation. These women would probably ask questions and it was simpler to have no questions asked. Someone might have to think up answers to them. They had heard rumors of this Miss Dodge, that she had an eagerness for facts, for investigation, that foreboded trouble.

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Mrs. Agnew and Grace Dodge went to their first board meeting. This session of the Board of Education was not purposely intended to be a humorous occasion, and it is not recorded as such in the official annals of that scholarly body, yet it was humorous. Much of the humor of life Grace Dodge failed to see, but this was too obvious to escape any one; that is, anyone except certain gentlemen of the board.

The general situation was one of embarrassment. The two ladies were gallantly escorted to the prominent seats, so the Journal of the Board of Education states; but this was probably because the school commissioners could not think of anything else to do quickly enough. That is the traditional thing that one would do with ladies and to this stock gallantry they resorted on the spur of the moment. A reaction soon set in. Certain commissioners decided to smoke them out, not figuratively by subtle methods, but literally with tobacco smoke. The room, to begin with, was not a pleasant place. It had that public smell about it that clings to such edifices. The men, at least some of them, kept their hats on, balanced their feet on the table, used the spittoons freely and swore with an air of superiority. It was in fact not a hospitable reception for the first women school commissioners of the city of New York, though it was

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not without its entertaining aspects. What other ladies of Miss Dodge's or Mrs. Agnew's acquaintance had had the opportunity of discussing the theory and practice of pedagogy with hatted and expectorating gentlemen?

At length, the gentlemen smoked and spat and swore themselves out; the lady commissioners of education continued to attend the sessions of the board. It occurred to Grace Dodge that the chief business at hand was the New York City schools, the two hundred thousand school children, the four thousand teachers, and the kind of men and women these children would grow to be, rather than whether or not a woman had a right to be a commissioner. She had no quarrel with these gentlemen, though some of them seemed rather rude. She herself had always followed the policy of appointing both men and women on every board that directed the activities of the common life. She believed that the best results followed from such a combination of forces.

After the general embarrassment had worn off, the commissioners found that the ladies were pleasant and inoffensive, doing nothing to substantiate their fears. Even their vast amusement at the gentlemen, Commissioners Dodge and Agnew were wise enough to conceal. Writing later in the *Independent*

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of this critical period, Grace Dodge explained the method pursued in these first months by Mrs. Agnew and herself:

“During the first year on the board it was better for them [Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge] to prepare the way for future work by quiet study of parliamentary and executive methods, and to look into the school system as a whole, before aiming to bring about any special reforms. If women had begun to make recommendations, or had suggested important changes, only a few months after entering the board, they would have been justly subject to criticism; and so their work, at the outset, has properly been of a quiet character.”

Though Grace Dodge investigated the public school system of New York City quietly, yet she investigated it in its entirety. She went to Public School No. 3 and asked to speak with the janitor. The janitor appeared and he literally could not believe his ears, for here stood a commissioner asking to see the building from “roof to cellar.” With increasing amazement, this janitor alternately preceded and followed Commissioner Dodge as she inspected the floors, the desks, the stairs, the lighting, the ventilation, the heating system. “Never has a school commissioner investigated me and my premises in such a

thorough manner before," he soliloquized as he watched this large retreating figure.

Grace Dodge continued to analyze the situation: "School life consists of three sides: (1) structure and care of buildings, house cleaning, cellars, janitors . . .; (2) the teachers and principals . . .; (3) then books and courses of study. Buildings, teachers, books—these were the three elements of the equipment of the school system.

While commissioner of education she was appointed to investigate the evening schools conducted by the Board of Education. This was her method of investigation, and these her conclusions:

Chairman Committee, Evening Schools:

"In accordance with the resolution, authorizing me to investigate the Junior Female Evening Schools, and report as to whether they should be continued or not, I have most carefully canvassed the matter and herewith present the result of my investigations:

"In order to familiarize myself with them, I visited the eight junior, and four senior schools, also the mixed school, in the Twenty-third Ward. At some of these schools I arrived early, and watched the girls assemble; to others I came late, and I stayed until they were disbanded. Every classroom was

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visited, pupils were questioned as to their pursuits and their need of such schools, and the work was examined. Principals and teachers gave me time and opportunity to study the schools and I am indebted to the former for many valuable points.

"The evenings of my visits were unusually cold and stormy, with sidewalks so icy that walking was difficult. But in spite of all these obstacles, I found 1877 girls in the eight junior schools, and 687 in the four senior schools. This is a large attendance, when the facts are taken into account, that during January many girls have to work late, and that the holidays break into school habits. The majority of these girls had attended regularly since October first, many of them coming to the schools without their supper, so anxious were they to be on time.

"To ascertain how the schools are regarded by gentlemen and ladies who are laboring among the working boys and girls of New York, I addressed letters to such, asking for replies to certain questions. . . .

"As the result of my visits and inquiries, I am decidedly of the opinion that the schools as a whole should not at this time be closed, but some changes should be made for their improvement. Allow me before giving these, to answer certain criticisms on the schools: [The criticisms are listed under four heads.]

"Certain things impress me as needing improvement:

1st. The gas. . . . In most of them the main pipe is not sufficient.

2nd. The Christmas vacation should begin the second Friday in December, and last until the day after New Years. During the two weeks before Christmas, the attendance is very small. . . . The school could then continue two weeks longer to make up the ninety days.

3rd. . . .

4th. . . . The time for closing the doors should be made at least fifteen minutes later, or better still, extended to half an hour.

In one school from fifty to seventy-five girls are nightly turned back, on account of arriving just after half-past seven. . . . Girls who leave work at six can usually manage to get into evening schools in time, but a large percentage are kept until half-past six, or quarter before seven, and these cannot get their supper and be at the school before a quarter to eight o'clock.

This change would obviate in many ways the harm resulting from the girls coming to school without their suppers.

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5th. . . .

6th. . . .

I have kept careful notes of my visit to each school, and will present them if desired by the committee.

Respectfully submitted,

February 29, 1888.

Grace H. Dodge.

Such investigation made necessary many interviews. Having heavy responsibilities at home, Grace Dodge decided to fit up an office in the basement of her home at 262 Madison Avenue, in order that she might transact there much of the business which her connection with the Board of Education, the Industrial Education Association, and the Working Girls' Societies made necessary. She made ready the office and transacted her business there, but out of deference to the wishes of her family she called it "her study." She now had a private secretary to assist her with her work.

A reporter from the *Boston Gazette* went over to Grace Dodge's "study" to talk with her about her work as a commissioner of education. He found her immersed in heavy tasks. "I don't suppose she knows what it is to have an idle moment," he announced in the columns of the *Gazette*.

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She was preparing for publication a little book, "A Bundle of Letters to Busy Girls." A part of her work consisted of an investigation of industrial education in the public schools, as she was serving on the committee on the course of study and this was the foremost question to be considered by the committee. The movement for manual training was already under way in the high schools of the country. The manual training high schools in St. Louis, in Chicago, Toledo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Paul, Minneapolis and in a few other cities, had been started. Some work was being done in elementary schools also. Wherever any manual training was being introduced, Grace Dodge wrote for facts as to its success or failure.

This committee made its report to the Board of Education June 29, 1887. The *New York Tribune*, July 25, 1887, made this comment on the report:

"It will not be from lack of information if the Board of Education fails to reach a wise decision on the question of introducing technical education into the public schools. The report of the committee on the course of study, a full abstract of which has been printed in the *Tribune*, was submitted to the Board recently, but the consideration of it was postponed until September."

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The *Tribune* later made this note: "One of the members of the board said that the report was perhaps the most complete document on this subject to be found." The result of the report was that an experiment was made in industrial education in New York City, \$15,000 being appropriated for industrial education for work in twelve of the grammar schools of the Fourth Ward, six boys' schools and six girls' schools.

As a member of this committee on the course of study, it became Grace Dodge's work to evaluate books and to make recommendation for their adoption or non-adoption. She kept the notes which she made on one hundred and eight books which were sent her for examination. Some of her notes are of interest:

"Graphic Drawing System.

"Examined, but judged the system too set and not free enough for a new course of study."

"First Steps American and British Authors.

"Full of good selections for receptions, etc., if such a book is needed with many others on supply list."

"Stories of American History.

"Excellent, correct and interesting, a cheap book, good for supplementary reader."

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"Schmit's *Elements of the German Language*.

"Not competent to judge."

"*First Book in Physiology and Hygiene*.

"Plates glaring but book of value."

"*Wills Lessons in Geometry*.

"Examined cursorily. Cannot judge."

Masons's Music Charts—Nos. 1-3.

"Not competent to examine."

"*Huberman's Sallust Jugurthine War*.

"Cannot criticise Latin."

"*The Nation in a Nutshell*.

"Clear, concise English. Gives main facts with vividness and appears correct in dates."

These were, of course, not books for her own reading but books which she had to examine in the discharge of her duty to two hundred thousand school children, but these books and all books except her Bible and one or two devotional books she handled as with mittens. She was quick to analyze a book with a problem in it, to see and make clear summaries of intricate situations; she enjoyed reading biography; but she did not know the love of books. She never wrote her name in a book, never really possessed a book. A book was a thing to be passed on, to be used by other people, as one's carriage or

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one's money. The legacy of quiet libraries she was to leave to thousands of students and to Riverdale citizens. For the satisfaction of their hunger, she filled the bookshelves and saw that they were properly dusted and rightside up; for herself, she preferred the great source book of actual living, on which the books were but commentaries.

In addition to her work with evening schools and with the course of study, she concerned herself with the daily program of the schools and with the system of marks and the salary of teachers. She unearthed a vast system of inefficiency. She found a multiplicity of examinations which burdened both teachers and pupils. Her criticism was this:

"The examinations are thus dreaded by principals and teachers and cannot be satisfactory. They foster a spirit of untruthfulness and superficialness. The teacher and class work for examinations, marks, and promotions. There is no talk of what a child knows but 'What grade is he in?' 'Will she be promoted or not?' As copy books, drawing, order, etc., count in the examinations, the former must be perfect, prepared and ready—the latter must be enforced even if by bribes. A system of bribing is known to exist."

"The teacher," she found, "is kept to hours and minutes, is given no license, and finds the work

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drudgery." One teacher had to sign a paper stating that she had taught each week exactly the number of minutes as recorded below:

"Reading—241 minutes
Spelling—95 minutes
Meaning and use of words—150 minutes
Geography—120 minutes
Arithmetic—300 minutes
Writing—120 minutes
Drawing—90 minutes
Object Lesson—93 minutes
Composition—60 minutes
Music—50 minutes."

The teacher's salary fluctuated with the attendance of the pupils, a certain amount being deducted for each pupil absent. It would not seem that a teacher could be considered responsible for epidemics of measles or whooping cough, yet he suffered financial consequences from these diseases.

Confronted by such inefficiency, Grace Dodge, with one exception, followed the policy of inaggressive aggressiveness, using the method of "silent, quiet, influence," rather than "radical reform."

She managed very skilfully, though, to get the work done; not all that she wanted done but some of

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it. She found some very fine men among the commissioners. In the Journal of the Board of Education, 1886-1889, nothing seemed to have emanated from Grace Dodge except a resolution for a minimum salary for women teachers, but much of the business conducted seems flavored by her views and methods. It is remarkably reminiscent of her views. It was, however, through frankness rather than adroitness that she succeeded in getting her ideas into the common stream of thought. All the facts that she had collected she placed on the common table for the use of all. She never copyrighted her ideas nor her facts, never called attention to the point that they were originally hers.

But on at least one occasion she entered the field with all the aggression of which she was capable. Her indignation and wrath are refreshing. Her object was to remove the city superintendent of schools, concerning whom she came to this conclusion and so announced:

"As to the election of the city superintendent, I desire to say that as a gentlemen, Mr. ——— has been courteous and polite in all his relationships with us. I have little against him personally, nor have I been influenced in any way by others.

"Remembering the by-laws affecting the office of

the city superintendent and thinking of the children and teachers, I have studied the city superintendent's work.

"I have been able to visit all of the departments of all the schools but two or three: I have been in the classrooms and talked with principals and teachers and it is from my study, and this alone, that I find it impossible to give my vote or influence to Mr.——."

After she had concluded her work with the school board, Grace Dodge was asked, "What have you personally done during your term?" She answered:

"It would hardly be in order for me to answer except in general terms that I have tried faithfully to attend meetings of the board [and in the Journal of the Board of Education there is no record of a single absence in these three years], to uphold in all respects its by-laws, to faithfully give attention to all business and attend to the committees to which I have been assigned, to thoroughly visit all school buildings and departments and investigate personally all matters that have been brought to my attention. All departments of our great school system have been of interest to me, but I have paid special attention to the system of marks and examinations, the conditions that affect the children, the sanitary arrangements of the building, the evening schools and the

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salaries of teachers. I have grown to have a steadily stronger faith in the usefulness and absolute necessity of our public schools, and their vital influence upon the future of our city and country. It is of first importance that they should be liberally and wisely sustained. I am glad every day that the poorest child in our city has equal opportunity with the richest for that education that gives self-respect and independence. I have been touched and interested in the strange mingling of nationalities in the schools of our cosmopolitan city, and the easy and natural way in which children of widely different races become assimilated to our ways and filled with American ideas."

This was the bulk of tedious detail through which she plodded for three years—and she did not like to attend to details; she preferred working with "broad policies." Yet the industrious thoroughfare of work was the way which she had chosen for expressing love to God and man. Therefore, in order to love God and the two hundred thousand school children of New York City, it was necessary to examine text books and slip through icy streets to investigate evening schools, and study the quantitative methods of daily programs. If one were going to love God and the two hundred thousand school children of New York, one might just as well love them thoroughly.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GROWING COLLEGE FOR THE
TRAINING OF TEACHERS

CHAPTER VIII

THE GROWING COLLEGE FOR THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS

IT did not become necessary for Grace Dodge to open up a woman's hotel at 9 University Place, for the Board of Managers of the Industrial Education Association voted to take over the lease and establish there the new headquarters of the Association. They enlarged their plans for the year. They thought it necessary to supplement the curriculum of the public schools by offering to school children classes in sewing, cooking and manual training, holding the class in the hour just after school. Circulars were sent all over the city to all school children.

The afternoon arrived for the classes to open. For Grace Dodge it was a consequential occasion. As she went down to University Place by a Broadway street car she felt anxious about the outcome of the undertaking. She had set her whole heart on this venture. She believed that the children of New York City were not getting the kind of education that fitted them for living in their city. These classes might not be a step

toward the solution, but they had life in them; there was something warm and real about the project. The Board of Managers had invested heavily in her faith and now came the test. What if no children should come! Her courage wavered.

She got off of the street car at Tenth Street and walked over to University Place. At the corner of Broadway and Tenth Street she saw a great crowd of children. The policemen were forming them in double lines and they were moving slowly toward University Place. As she came nearer "No. 9," the crowds increased to a youthful mob. Their faces were all turned to 9 University Place. As many as could reach the door were pounding on it, clamoring to get in, but the door remained shut. Had the teachers forgotten to come? Grace Dodge could not get through the crowd to the door. She called to the janitor and he let her in through the basement. She found the rooms crowded with children. All the children that the classrooms could possibly accommodate had already been admitted. The other children in the street continued to look hopefully through the windows. They so wanted to sit in those chairs and to hammer and saw and bake and sew. The invitation had invited them and they had come and now what was the matter?

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Grace Dodge was that afternoon an embarrassed hostess. It was like having a dinner-party and discovering that there was not enough meat to go around and there being nothing that could be done about it. It was even worse than this, for her guests were children and they could not understand why the invitation invited them if it did not mean that they should come.

The Board of Managers could not but be impressed with such overflowing success as this. It reorganized itself into a Board of Trustees and adopted its new creed, its ten "Articles of Faith," as it was called. It set itself to do a bigger job. New classes were organized. Lectures were given at the headquarters. Investigation and research went forward.

In the meantime, George W. Vanderbilt, a citizen of New York City, became aware that something was happening down at 9 University Place. Mr. Vanderbilt seems to have been the kind of man who *would* know that important things were going on in his vicinity. He waited for no invitation but went straight down to investigate the matter. He asked if he might look over the building and inspect the work which was being done. He made a critical survey of the entire institution, saw people at work at a

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fascinating, unfinished job. The next afternoon he called on Grace Dodge.

That afternoon in January, 1887, was an important afternoon for the children of the world and for all teachers. The interview was brief, businesslike, for neither person had time to waste on superfluous conversation. Both Grace Dodge and George W. Vanderbilt were skilled in the art of business investments, both were intensely interested in people.

George W. Vanderbilt said to Grace Dodge, "I should like to give the nucleus of a library to the Industrial Education Association."

"But we do not want a library, Mr. Vanderbilt," was Grace Dodge's swift reply. The idea! George W. Vanderbilt had not had his libraries refused before. He thought they needed a library. Before he recovered, Grace Dodge added, "But we do need some brains to develop the work, to study this thing, to place it on a strong footing, to teach people how to use a library." She could not afford to allow him to invest pleasantly in a library when he might invest in a specialist who was trained to interpret to them the significance of their experiment in education. George W. Vanderbilt then began asking questions. What salary would be needed? Where could such a person be found? What did this thing mean? He found

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Grace Dodge fully informed on the subject of the Industrial Education Association. Her information was not in pamphlet form, not in reports and data which her secretary would mail him tomorrow. From years of experience she knew the needs of the children of her city; the needs of four thousand teachers were a living concern to her. The daily history of the Industrial Education Association, she was familiar with. George W. Vanderbilt went away informed.

The next morning Grace Dodge received a letter from him. It enclosed a check for \$10,000; it read: "Here is your brain money for one or two years. Now find the brains."

It was through this check of George W. Vanderbilt's that another source of life entered into the ongoing stream of the Industrial Education Association. Up to this time the Association had been a homespun product; of humble birth, originating as it had in the play and work of little children. In its growth it had kept near the lives of people who daily faced the fundamental problems of existence. It had sought to make education a practical part of an everyday world. The particular emphasis of this Association had been the development of "hand power" along with "brain power," for the leaders

of this Association believed that the whole child had not been developed unless the hand had been trained as well as the brain. They had taught children to work with their hands; but they had not majored in the theory of pedagogy.

While this educational movement was going its crude, practical, enthusiastic, unacademic way, a dream was gathering momentum in the mind of a prophet in academic circles. Before the first kitchen garden had been thought of, while the little girls of Avenue A were going their untidy way about their untidy houses, Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, president of Columbia College, was becoming convinced of the need for the scientific study of the professional training of teachers.

But Dr. Barnard had never been able to make his dream work. The trustees of Columbia College never got back of his idea. Dr. Barnard had made some attempt at organizing a college for the training of teachers. Some lectures had been given at Columbia College, but Dr. Barnard believed that this college which he had in mind should be allied more with the practical world than with the academic.

This alliance was being unconsciously brought about by the check of Mr. Vanderbilt, for the Industrial Education Association went into the academic

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world to find its president. After consultation with President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, President Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Professor Woodward of St. Louis, the Industrial Education Association selected as its president the associate professor of philosophy of Columbia College, a man who had been associated with Dr. Barnard and who believed with him in the need for the scientific study of the training of teachers, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

The coming of Dr. Butler to the presidency of the Industrial Education Association was the linking of the dream of President Barnard with a permanent practical home. The two possible futures of the Industrial Education Association were (1) an institution for the teaching of industrial education, or (2) a college for the training of teachers. Dr. Butler tipped the scale in favor of the college for the professional training of teachers. In regard to this dream of President Barnard's and its relation to Teachers College, Dr. Butler wrote in the *Columbia University Quarterly*—1899:

"The idea which led to the foundation and development of Teachers College was suggested by reading the remarkable discussions of education as a subject of university study which were contained in

the annual reports of President Barnard for 1881–1882. In his report for 1881, President Barnard sketched the organization and work of a university department of the history, theory and practice of education and added that ‘education is nowhere treated as a science and nowhere is there an attempt to expound its true philosophy.’ ”

Though the work of the Industrial Education Association now developed along both these lines—training in industrial education and the training of teachers—gradually the former gave way to the latter. The work developed into a college, the New York College for the Training of Teachers, which was organized and developed by Dr. Butler. This college secured its provisional charter from the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, January 12, 1889. The object of the college as stated by the Board of Regents was that it “give instruction in the History, Philosophy and Science of Education, in Psychology, in the Science and Art of Teaching and also in Manual Training, and the methods of teaching the various subjects included under that head: that a school of Practice and Observation will be maintained in connection with the College.”

The waning of industrial education at the college

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is suggested in such statements as this: "Male students are not required to attend any of the courses in domestic economy, although lectures in that department are open to them should they choose to attend."

The emphasis which had been placed on industrial education had its effect on the New York College for the Training of Teachers. It kept it close to life, caused it to major in experimental work. The old Kitchen Garden Association had bequeathed to it a policy of research, "the establishment of a place of reference and consultation for all interested in the system." The Industrial Education Association had emphasized the value of data from human experience and the importance of its correct interpretation.

For Grace Dodge the new venture was a step in the dark. The practical path by which the Kitchen Garden Association and the Industrial Education Association had come, she knew; the path of academic learning which lay before the New York College for the Training of Teachers, she did not know. The new road might lead away from the everyday lives of the people for whom the work had been organized and to whose need it had been dedicated.

Dr. Walter L. Hervey, who was associated with Teachers College from 1889-1897, first as dean and later as president, in speaking of these years said:

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"Miss Dodge showed us then the meaning of responsibility. Once she had given herself to a thing, she 'hung to it.' No difficulty could stop her. I think she did not see the distant goal, she just took the next step and threw all of her energy and courage into it. She did not see that kitchen gardens were going to lead to a college with university rank but the fact that her 'child' developed into a part of a university system did not change her attitude towards it. Whatever it might have turned into, she would have stood by.' It might not be what she had planned but she kept at it, and with what faith she backed it up!"

Perhaps at this time she secretly yearned to be conversant with the fine points of philosophy and psychology, to sit with the intellectuals and to lead in the technical part of the great educational movement for the training of teachers, the need of which she so clearly saw in her daily contact with the teachers of New York City. But she knew she was not technically trained to write pedagogical monographs, therefore she would not attempt the writing of them. If she could not write the monographs for the new educational world, why then she would see to it that trained persons, prepared to write them, were secured. Then when the monographs were written, she

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would, provided the monographs had value, see that the known world knew about them.

She had a keen power of analysis, whether the thing to be analyzed were a document, or a situation, or a person. Having once analyzed the theories of the intellectuals and translated their language into the vernacular of everyday affairs, she was on solid ground. A great many theories were doubtless aired at the time the New York College for the Training of Teachers was being organized. She was no doubt often puzzled over the wrapping of the theories but she later summed them up in these words:

"The immediate demand for the college arose from the lack of teachers competent to put into practice the doctrines taught by the Association. It was apparent that to train persons equipped for a single branch of instruction, and not to give them, besides, the basis of a professional training, was not to train *teachers*, but *mechanics*, *cooks*, etc. The post-graduate or professional character of the work here took its start." "Cooks"—she understood this term. Teachers *versus* cooks, the practical world could understand this controversy. Any one would prefer having teachers to teach pupils rather than cooks. She could raise money on this practical distinction.

What her contribution was to the academic study

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of the professional training of teachers is puzzling. When Dr. James E. Russell, who for twenty-five years has been dean of Teachers College, was asked when Grace Dodge got the idea of the professional training of teachers, he answered, "She understood it before any of us did." One cannot tell whether she saw far back of what they saw and far ahead of what they dreamed; or whether her faith in the persons she worked with and in the things they were doing together was so vital that it could organically link itself with their vision and their dream and make her seem a part of all that they remembered to have thought and all that they desired to achieve.

Life lived in her and she found time to take counsel with it. She sensed the fact that neither learning, nor money, nor buildings, nor throngs of students could make a college. She knew that a college must grow because of the inherent life which it possesses. This living energy could not be contrived; it had to be given out of a life. Grace Dodge had learned the secret of giving her life to an enterprise without entangling the gift with herself and hindering it with her own personality.

And the enterprise grew. Everyone at No. 9 University Place felt himself a part of the movement. Thomas, hymn-singing Thomas, janitor at No. 9,

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should go down in educational history because of his devotion to this institution. What if sometimes, when the elevator stuck in mid-air, he was deaf to the calls for help because of his joyous rendering in the basement of that far-flung melody, "Throw Out the Life Line." He was a part of this experiment in education. And the librarian, who so wanted the day to come when they would have five thousand volumes! What if now the supply of books was so scant that she had to keep going about the room, spreading out the books to make the shelves appear full—did she not know that she belonged to a growing enterprise that would some day have five thousand volumes? Spencer Trask, who in these days accepted the leadership of the Board of Trustees and was to develop a great college executive board, found his incentive to work here in this old building that just escaped being a storage house for old furniture. These days were burned into his memory, as he was to express it later. "When Miss Dodge first came to me, long ago, to give me the privilege of working with her, my imagination was fired by the earnest purpose, the self-sacrificing labor, the burning zeal, and confident belief in the future which she put into the work. That was in the early days of the old University Place building."

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There was also Fanny Morton, the sturdy young maid of all work, who carried the weight of the entire educational system on her shoulders and perhaps also a trunk which "them shiftless men" had failed to move with desired promptitude—the institution could not run without her. With what pride she assisted with this growing educational idea, we cannot know, though she did later confide in Grace Dodge the romance of the project: "It is surprising to us old hands to look back and see how Teachers College has jumped from a nutshell to a castle in so short a time!"

An incongruous cavalcade they were, professors and maids and librarians and janitors and business men and children who desired to hammer and saw and bake and sew, and older students who desired to become teachers, and Grace Dodge, all housed together in this little "nutshell" of No. 9 University Place, but hopefully *en route* to a "castle," as Fanny Morton would say. By an extraordinary simplicity of spirit, by a generosity of mind and heart, Grace Dodge cemented their varying gifts, conserved and united their loyalties for the cause of the professional training of teachers. Her faith went ahead of them building signposts for their journey.

CHAPTER IX

SQUATTERS' SHANTIES GIVE
WAY TO COLLEGE

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SQUATTERS' SHANTIES GIVE WAY TO COLLEGE

ANOTHER dramatic scene in the history of Teachers College took place down at 9 University Place in 1892. Dr. Walter Hervey was now President of the New York College for the Training of Teachers, Dr. Butler having resigned in 1891. 9 University Place was outgrown. If the terms of the provisional charter, received in 1889, were to be fulfilled and a permanent charter secured, the course of study had to be advanced and buildings and funds had to be secured. The trustees appointed a committee to consider a new site and new buildings.

In the spring of 1892, a meeting of the Board of Trustees was called in Dr. Hervey's office to hear the report of this committee. Mr. Spencer Trask, the president of the board, said: "We have decided that it would be well to think of certain lots on West 120th Street." He gave his reasons why they were considered desirable. These lots were not altogether satisfactory. Columbia College, with which they had

a much prized alliance, very necessary to their academic standing, was on 40th Street. Students could not easily go back and forth from 40th Street to 120th Street, for there was only a horse car on Amsterdam Avenue to transport them. Broadway was but a country road at 120th Street. Such a location would endanger the New Jersey clientele, for they came over on the Christopher Street ferry. Yet this seemed the best location and a change had to be made.

"But what is the use of thinking or talking of these lots," said Mr. Trask, "when we have no money for land, much less for buildings, and we certainly will not go into debt."

Mr. George W. Vanderbilt was present at this meeting of the trustees. The New York College for the Training of Teachers had continued to hold his interest. He quietly arose and said, "Telegraph now to the agent and say that if we can have the twenty lots for \$100,000 cash, we will take them. I will give the land." Mr. Vanderbilt, not wishing to be thanked and somewhat shy because of this surprising offer, holding his shiny plug hat in his hand, backed out of the room precipitately, bumped into the door and groped in his confusion for the door-knob.

Mr. Vanderbilt's offer was accepted. The transaction was closed at once. Yet, it was another step

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in the dark. The new site on Morningside Heights might not be a wise choice; it might mean utter disaster. Nor was it an inspiring location, so far as neighboring edifices went. Across the street on 120th Street was the old Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. A red, high-board fence surrounded this property. Blossoms of the rose of Jericho towered above the old fence. The huge grey rocks on the Heights were crowned with old squatters' shanties. Geese and goats roamed at will through the neighborhood. The goats chewed leisurely on the odd bits of tin which the squatters had discarded in mending their already patched shanties. The new academic surroundings were not wholly prepossessing.

While the trustees were yet immersed in uncertainty and doubt as to the wisdom of their daring decision, within forty-eight hours of the purchase of the lots on West 120th Street, a bit of miraculous news went flashing through the city. Columbia College announced that it had bought the old Bloomingdale Insane Asylum property across the street and would soon build on this new site. The value of the lots on 120th Street, now in possession of the New York College for the Training of Teachers, jumped to \$200,000.

College events moved rapidly after this. A new

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alliance with Columbia College was being discussed which would demand a higher standard of work for the New York College for the Training of Teachers.¹ By April, 1892, the new building plans were accepted. In June, Grace Dodge was made acting treasurer of the college and chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees. In December of this year the permanent charter was granted to the college, the name of the college being shortened to Teachers College. (A little later it acquired enough prestige to drop the apostrophe.)

Grace Dodge's diary reflects the financial struggle of these years. It was not the time to raise money; it was, in fact, just the time *not* to raise money, for the financial panic of 1893 was throwing the world of money into uncertainty. However, for Grace Dodge, the time to raise money was the time when the money was needed. Money was absolutely essential to Teachers College in 1893, and it must be secured, regardless of a panic. The money was raised. Her

¹ "The first move in the direction of a formal affiliation was taken in the year 1892-1893, the agreement between Columbia, Barnard and Teachers College being signed July 1, 1893. By the terms of this agreement, certain courses of instruction in Teachers College were accepted by Columbia as counting toward the Columbia College degrees. These courses passed under the charge of the Faculty of Philosophy of Columbia College, and the members of the Faculty of Teachers College were represented on that Faculty." From "Historical Sketch of Teachers College" Walter L. Hervey, *Teachers College Record*, Vol. I, No. 1, January, 1900.

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record of work reads: "1892, April—\$55,000 raised.

"1893, February—Mrs. Macy's gift of \$225,000 for Mechanical Arts Building. \$55,000 extra secured.

"December—Made treasurer of college. Special financial anxiety.

"1894—Between March and July raised \$100,000 for college building.

"1894—During year financial college pressure."

But the new building of Teachers College was going up on Morningside Heights and it gave substantial reassurance in the midst of the pressure and anxiety, as it towered above the immense grey rocks and squatters' shanties. The squatters, indeed, shook their heads at this strange neighbor, as well they might. These inhabitants were soon to pass from Morningside Heights—the geese, the omnivorous goats, the squatters living their non-academic life in their non-affluent shanties.

The main building of the college was finally completed and was formally opened November 15, 1894. For Grace Dodge, it was no coincidence that when she turned to her little book of daily Bible readings on the morning of November 15, 1894, she found these words written there:

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November XV

We are his workmanship

"They brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house. The house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building.

"Ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house. Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the spirit. Which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God.

"Ye are God's building. Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit."

For Grace Dodge, God had indeed builded Teachers College. It was, for her, no secular institution, but a house of God, dedicated to the seekers of truth. What the new truth would reveal she did not know. She might be too conservative to accept it herself

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but she could not leave it uninvestigated. Furthermore, the house must be well lighted and heated. The apparatus must come up to standard. Salaries must be good.

At 3:00 p. m. Dr. Hervey introduced President Seth Low of Columbia College as the chairman of the meeting, which was opened with prayer by Bishop Potter. President Low spoke on "The Relation of Teachers College to Columbia College and Barnard College." President Eliot of Harvard College gave an address on "The Unity of Educational Reform in the Scope of the Teachers College and its Relations to a University." The old friend of the Industrial Education Association, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, spoke on the subject, "Some Phases of the Influence of Teachers College on the South and West."

Grace Dodge gave a dinner that night at her home at 262 Madison Avenue, in honor of the formal opening of Teachers College. Thirty years after this dinner was given, one of the dinner guests, Dr. Hervey, gives a resumé of that dinner-party: "I remember Dr. Eliot, Dr. and Mrs. Seth Low, Dr. Gilman, Joseph H. Choate, Dr. Greer, Dr. Butler, Miss Mary Dodge, and Mrs. Hervey were there. Dr. Greer was inclined to take the world very seri-

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ously. I heard him speak to Mr. Choate about some situation which was quite involved. Mr. Choate answered, 'Don't take the world too seriously. I sometimes think the Tammany judge was right when he insisted that it did not make much difference which way he decided a case.' "

This dinner-party was no doubt partly an occasion to honor the work that had been done, for Grace Dodge wanted the work of persons appreciated, wanted every person to see the other person's work. But another thing she may have had in mind, "We have come this far, now what is the next step?"

"We transacted a great deal of business at these dinners of Miss Dodge's," said Dr. Hervey. "It was always on a high plane, too, different from ordinary meetings.

"I have tried," continued Dr. Hervey, "to decide whether or not Miss Dodge was creative. She did not suddenly produce an idea. She would talk with one person. Something would stand out from that conversation; she would see a good point in it and discuss this point with another and another. After she had talked with all persons concerned, she would finally from these several minds reach a conclusion, and bring forth an idea which was the fusion of many minds."

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Grace Dodge had need to know that her task as treasurer of Teachers College was a divinely appointed one, she had need of formal dedication exercises and friendly dinner-parties, for the years ahead of Teachers College were difficult ones. In 1895, her diary reads:

“Large financial responsibility and much college reorganization. Secured support of three departments. Made tour educational work Atlanta Exposition and spoke there.”

At this time, the Saturday afternoon receptions at Teachers College were instituted. These receptions were Grace Dodge's method of making friends for the college. Sometimes they were successful; at other times they were failures, as this letter intimates:

Dear Miss Daniell:

I am asking a number of people for next Saturday, if pleasant, otherwise on the 29th. While no one may come, possibly fifteen or twenty may and I think it would be pleasant to serve tea in the Trustees Room. I will bring up some wafers and would like to pay to have one of the women present to help us. Also, if it should prove a beautiful day, I think it would be well to have an elevator in each building

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running and I will be very glad to see two of the young boys if they will stay. . . .

As I said if it should prove stormy, it would not be necessary to have tea served but it would be well to have an elevator running.

We may be disappointed as we were last year and have no one come.

Believe me,

Cordially yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

It was Grace Dodge's policy to interest young men in the work of Teachers College before they became involved with other interests. Two such young men were V. Everitt Macy and B. T. B. Hyde. One of the young men thus interested after about twenty-five years evaluates his association with Grace Dodge in this way:

"When I went to talk with her, as so many of us did, I would go so tired and discouraged that I would have to ride, but I always walked home. Miss Dodge would sit quietly and let me tell my whole story. She never listened just to what I said but to me. Frequently, she did not answer my words at all. We talked to her about everything that we wanted

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to do, what we thought about everything. She saw that we were not getting the right kind of education.

"As a boy I had gone to school in Garden City, but I never knew what they were talking about with all their books and classes. What was a truncated cone to me! But the 'math' teacher one day took me for a walk and we stopped to examine a haystack from which a wind had removed the top.

" 'Can you measure that?' the 'math' teacher asked me. This problem was not work to me; it was play. Later there was a school in New York where John Browning taught a lot of us boys around town here. I remember V. Everitt Macy and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. We had a laboratory and workshop. He was a genius at teaching boys.

"One day I had some extra 'gold,' some that I didn't need. I got four ten thousand dollar bills and took them to Miss Dodge for her college."

"What did she say?" Mr. Hyde was asked.

"Oh, I don't remember, but she was a little worried about what to do with the bills over night."

"Miss Dodge worked to establish the kind of education that made use of a boy's whole life, his hands, his eyes, his interests, as well as his head. What she knew about education she learned from those of us who were trying to get it."

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As if by miracle, Teachers College came into possession of the lots west of the main building. The money had to be in hand August 1, 1896. Twenty thousand dollars had yet to be raised in July and all sources for securing it were, apparently, exhausted. The latter part of July, when the western lots seemed to be slipping from the reach of Teachers College forever, an unknown man in New Zealand cabled Grace Dodge \$20,000.

"Where did it come from?" the trustees asked.

"It came in answer to prayer," Grace Dodge replied.

Prayer for Grace Dodge was a seeking to get the omnipotent viewpoint, the clear, fearless vision of maximum achievement. She had become skilled in getting the viewpoint of others, in understanding them. The technique of intercession she had learned from human relationships. "I think there was no time in the history of Teachers College," said Dean Russell, "when Miss Dodge was not willing to scrap the whole college, to relinquish every opinion of her own and accept another's ideas and plans. She was open-minded to every suggestion." She had developed a spiritual capacity that made possible intercourse between herself and a God of a Universe.

Then, too, it would have been difficult for any

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one, even in New Zealand, to have escaped the diligence of her publicity concerning the needs of Teachers College. Under "Office Work" for these years of pressure, 1893-97, inclusive, the following figures are entered:

Letters written	32,371
Papers and notes not printed	79
Leaflets, Proceedings & Reports	10,602
Data, etc.	12,680

In 1893, when she wrote 6,452 letters, there is this note, "No secretary part of year but for data." In 1894, when 5,981 letters, were written, this postscript is added, "No secretary."

One of these letters, written by hand in 1897, shows her far-reaching thought for Teachers College:

Dear Miss Daniell:

A friend living in Rome sees a great deal of the Queen of Italy. She has been talking to her of our club [a club composed of all donors who would give a certain amount to Teachers College] and its work and has written asking to have sent her for the Queen all our data. What have we that we can send? Will you please send me by Miss Breck what you have and when the new circular comes out, this also will go.

Faithfully,

Grace H. Dodge.

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A pile of bulletins will be good and our two last reports. (The office executive at Teachers College made this note on this letter. "File with application for circulars, Dodge.")

Grace Dodge had also the power to integrate spiritual and material concerns, as excerpts from her letters show:

Dear Miss Daniell:

I have been wanting all day to have a moment in which to write you. . . .

I feel that Our Heavenly Father is very near and that his great love and care will help us now as before. . . .

I feel that you will like Mr. . . . and that he will be a help to us all. I hope to come up Tuesday and we can then see his room. A new desk should be put there.

Faithfully and with full understanding sympathy,
Grace H. Dodge.

The difficulty that now faced Teachers College was the securing of a president. Dr. Hervey had felt it necessary to resign.

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To one who reads the entire correspondence of these months, Grace Dodge's daily work seems like the monotonous pounding and scraping of heavy hammers and awkward steam shovels that have struck rock which has to be dug through. There was no lift in the work except her faith in God. For long stretches of time she plodded through heavy tasks. Such a period was the summer of 1897 when Teachers College was trying to find a president. Her letters written to Miss Lucetta Daniell, who had from the early years been intimately connected with Teachers College and who in full measure was trusted by Grace Dodge, give glimpses of her method of ploughing through a hard piece of work. These three letters are typical:

Carr Cottage,
Bar Harbor, Me.
[about July 10, 1897]

Dear Miss Daniell:

I thank you much. My thoughts are so often at 1161. . . . I had three hours of undisturbed talk with Mr. Low Wednesday and paved the way for more. We are, in about ten days, to have a grand conference here. It is expected to be two days and to have Mr. Trask, Mr. Macy, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Bry-

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son, myself, Mr. Low, Dr. Butler. . . . Mr. Gilman and my father will be referees. I feel that these weeks mean much to our college. Will you please send me six copies of the Columbia agreement, also six copies of the Circular of Information as soon as it is ready. . . .

Hoping that it is cooler in New York,

Cordially,

Grace H. Dodge.

Bar Harbor, Maine

July 20, 1897.

Dear Miss Daniell:

Do not tell Mrs. Williams [who was quite ill] but sympathize deeply with me, with us all, Prof. —— declines and we are hunting for some other name. Mr. —— accepts if we can arrange certain details. I hope that Mr. Trask can come on this week. Our Heavenly Father is over all and He will bring out the right, but it seems hard to see it just now. . . .

Faithfully,

Grace H. Dodge.

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Bar Harbor, Me.

July 23, 1897

Dear Miss Daniell:

By all means let the library stay. . . .

I feel sorely perplexed. I wish I could have a long talk with a number of college friends. The past two days have been ones of greatest anxiety as to what it is best to do. Mr. ——'s refusal brings with it great anxieties, for we can now have no immediate president, and I can not see my way clear as to many decisions. I had long talks with Mr. Low and Dr. Gilman yesterday and have been more puzzled than ever. Our Heavenly Father alone can help. With faithful greetings.

Your friend,

Grace H. Dodge.

Bar Harbor, Me.

July 29, 1897

Dear Miss Daniell:

I wrote most hastily last P. M. and had not time to thank you. . . . I fully appreciate each and all the thought. Teachers College is understood . . .

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as never before. We are all much roused. Discussions and conferences are constant. The results of the formal meetings with Mr. Low were most helpful. The alliance [with Columbia] is all right, utterly changed in form and all to our advantage. . . . Mr. Trask, Mr. Macy, Mrs. Bryson and I have been at work for three days. The gentlemen are delighted with the circulars. But to business—Do rest all you can. . . .

I will indeed get you the first of September to help me with the lunch room, reception room, etc. Who was to take the lunch room? I should see her about August 20. I will also see about the coloring of the walls and the pictures, etc. Has the man colored the walls of the Psychology Department rooms? Mrs. Williams found a Mr. Taylor to do it. I want his address so as to write him to meet me for estimates as soon as I return. . . .

We stand together in knowing that Our Heavenly Father will help us, though the way is so dark.

Heat must be kept in Milbank [Building] for a while longer. [This building was new and heat was needed for drying it.]

Faithfully yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

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A president, Benjamin I. Wheeler, was finally chosen for Teachers College and he accepted. At the same time, Dr. James E. Russell, hearing of the acceptance of the new president whom he admired, accepted the chair of pedagogy. In preparation for Dr. Russell's arrival, Grace Dodge wrote to Miss Daniell at Teachers College:

Riverdale-on-Hudson,
New York.

Dear Friend:

Prof. Russell arrives tomorrow. Could Fannie dust his office and could the revolving standing book case from Mr. Hervey's office be temporarily put up there? The office looks a little bare. . . .

Faithfully,

Grace H. Dodge.

[October 14 (?) 1897]

Dr. Russell came to Teachers College in October of 1897. There at the top step to greet him stood Grace Dodge. "She always met me at the top step," said Dr. Russell. Grace Dodge had disheartening news to relate to him—the newly chosen president

had just resigned. Dr. Russell had accepted the chair of pedagogy at Teachers College because of his confidence in this new president.

Dr. Russell faced an unattractive situation. The college had just gone through a difficult period. On account of the raising of the standard of scholarship in accordance with the Columbia agreement, there were fewer students, about one hundred and sixty-nine in all—one hundred of them taking only one course of ten lectures. There had been a faculty "blow-up." There was little leadership in the academic work. The current expenses exceeded the income by \$80,000. He had trusted the judgment of the newly elected president and this president had come, had looked over the situation and had resigned.

Yet there stood Grace Dodge and her faith in the enterprise. She believed that a college for the training of teachers was needed; to this belief she had committed herself. It is true there had been a financial panic, internal misunderstandings in the college itself, and now the new president had resigned; but, on the other hand, here was Grace Dodge who believed in the scientific study of the profession of teaching and who intended to stand by. Dr. Russell was later to say, "It was only Miss Dodge's faith that kept Teachers College alive through these years.

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Without her, there would have been no college." Dr. Russell decided to stay. He began in this October of 1897 to teach teachers how to teach.

Some days later Grace Dodge went with Mr. Macy to Dr. Russell to consult with him about two men whom they were considering for the presidency of Teachers College. Dr. Russell's reply was that he could not see either man as president of the college. "But," he added, "why have a president? Why not affiliate with Columbia University as a college and select a dean for Teachers College?"

That night Dr. Russell went to his room and, taking some sheets of hotel stationery, wrote out a tentative plan for this union of Teachers College with Columbia. He had seen such a plan succeed in London and he believed that this situation was comparable to that one. This plan was submitted to Columbia University. Later a committee called Dr. Russell out of a classroom to show him the revised plan for the union and to offer him the position of dean of Teachers College. Dr. Russell did not wish to be the dean; he preferred to teach and so stated his preference to the committee. Later, however, he accepted the position of dean of the college temporarily and then permanently. But he accepted with the promise that they agree to equip the college adequately for a

graduate professional school for teachers. There was no such graduate school at the time. He asked for an additional \$100,000 for the annual budget.

"Miss Dodge saw what I wanted," Dr. Russell explained. "She liked to face a big proposition."

Some new buildings, a mortgage to be paid off, an additional \$100,000 for annual expenses—this was a job that was large enough for the treasurer for Teachers College to get her hands on in 1898 and 1899. At each year's close she would jot down such items as these: "College mortgage paid off. Financial heavy work. Much conference and advice work (1898). Gift of Horace Mann Building. Successful raising \$100,000. Mrs. Bryson's transfer (of library). Enlarged personal financial gifts."

Probably Grace Dodge faced at this time a more difficult problem than mortgages and annual budgets. In the college rankled much inner dissension that needed to be brought into agreement. There existed certain factions. Everyone knew Grace Dodge personally and each one carried his individual problem to her. Dr. Russell found it difficult to administer the work of the college with such a confusion of authority. He talked this problem over with Grace Dodge.

Now Grace Dodge had potential powers of

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dominance. One reason for her satisfaction in horseback riding had been that it enabled her to release her desire for mastery. She was not riding horseback any more now, she was riding in a carriage with a coachman driving. She struggled to dominate this desire for dominance for it was not compatible with the ideals of Christian humility; it was one of the sins to be weeded out. In addition to her belief in Christian humility and her inherent generosity there was also her belief in business efficiency. Two sources of control were inefficient. Dr. Russell reports this conclusion of the difficulty, "Miss Dodge saw the point. She turned over everything to me and threw the whole weight of her influence behind me. The difficulties were smoothed out."

These letters show her method of standing by Dean Russell and the rapidly enlarging enterprise of Teachers College:

Dear Professor Russell:

May I send good wishes to the honored dean of Teachers College and congratulations to the college that it has a dean!

Mr. Trask appreciates to the full your hints in the letter and will aid me tomorrow in putting through such resolutions as seem wise. Will you leave with

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Thomas or Miss Daniell a single line giving the exact title of your professor's chair? I am so anxious for news. I believe that all will work out well and that when once understood, everyone will adapt himself to changes and will find their value.

Sincerely yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

January 19, 1898

Dear Professor Russell:

This has just come! I am so glad President Low asks without suggestion your presence at the Executive Committee. It is our first meeting under the new régime and will pave the way to have you always present. I can not come up tomorrow A. M., but will on Thursday morning, and will stop a moment in the dean's office. I do not like the quality of paper ordered. It seems too thin. Also, is not "Teachers College" faintly printed? It would seem as if it could stand out more prominently. The dean should have some specially nice paper. If I hear that you would like to spend Friday evening here, I will write Mrs. Russell.

Sincerely yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

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In speaking of Grace Dodge to the students of Teachers College in 1921, Dean Russell said, "I think I must have a hundred letters from Miss Dodge, similar to this one, thanking me for any little thing that I had done, or showing her appreciation of the work of the Board of Trustees." Dean Russell read, in part, this letter:

262 Madison Avenue

February 22.

Dear Dean:

I stayed to hear Mr. Macy, but then had to leave. The dinner was so good, quickly served, air fresh, and all went well. I was so overwhelmed at what you have accomplished that I could not speak. I felt that we owed everything to you. We only started the work and held it together for you. God has been very good to us, and I thank Him for sending you to us! You are his great gift to education, and I am glad I had a wee share in it.

Good wishes for Richmond,

Faithfully,

Grace H. Dodge.

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As treasurer of Teachers College Grace Dodge was eager that this graduate professional school for teachers should have the maximum service that could come from money. She kept pushing the college to make adequate provision for future needs. "If I should say to Miss Dodge," said Dean Russell, "that we needed more help in the Science Department, that for \$1,000 we could get an instructor, she would ask,

" 'Is it an instructor you need? Would not a professor be more what you need?'

" 'Yes, a professor would be better. For a larger sum, we could have a professor.' She would further question,

" 'Do you know of such a person?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Is he the best man whom you could secure for this place? Is he more than a scientist? What of his spirit? What kind of teachers would he make of his students?' Then Miss Dodge would say, 'Let me see if I can get the money.' Within forty-eight hours she would return. She would have the money."

Or Dean Russell might take to her the problem which he faced in the Domestic Science Department of the college, saying to her, "We are only teaching students sewing and cooking. We ought rather to be

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teaching teachers how to teach sewing and cooking. This department is not worthy of a professional school for teachers." Grace Dodge got his idea and she did not rest until it was put through, though it involved a search for candidates who had ability to do the work, a long period when these candidates studied the subject of food and textiles in shops and factories and in graduate colleges of science. In time Teachers College was ready to offer graduate professional work to teachers of domestic science.

Dr. Russell, looking back at the work of Grace Dodge after twenty-five years of work for the cause of the professional training of teachers, concluded with the brief statement: "*She had courage.*"

Hand in hand with these more thrilling events went the daily details of drudgery which must be attended to if teachers were to have access to professional work. Such details as these, for instance:

Dear Miss Daniell:

I have sent up 100 yards of gingham and 20 yards of alpaca [for the women servants]. The charge will be against me personally but given from the college for Christmas, two dresses each. The material for aprons should be discussed. Fannie, I think, could have black alpaca and the others some uniform style.

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Cannot the waists be made with a turned down collar, and cuffs? I presume that you will think it wise to give some cardigan jackets to the men, as Mrs. Williams used to. The Executive Committee meets at four Thursday at the College. I will come only in time.

Faithfully yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

Again the details might be concerning Thomas and his ashcans. On December 12, Thomas had stopped her to discuss the matter of getting the ashes emptied promptly. Grace Dodge gave thought to this detail on December 13 as seriously and as thoroughly as she had attended to the development of a worthy Department of Domestic Science. And would ten yards of goods, twenty-seven inches in width, be sufficient to make Fanny a dress; would it not be well to "calculate on twelve yards for Ann and Mrs. Schneider?" The embarrassment which Ann and Mrs. Schneider would experience if they ran out of cloth, she understood. Whittier Hall, too, needed "Eastern rugs" . . . to cover "the brown rug" in places, and "a growing, low, round plant . . . on

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the table." These details were all a part of the business of dreaming a college.

Mrs. Leonard Elmhurst [Mrs. Willard Straight], who 'as a young woman' knew Grace Dodge when Grace Dodge had grown older in the service of Teachers College, writes in 1924 of this enduring quality of her gift to education:

"Being a trustee of Teachers College, I always feel in that institution a vivid sense of what her vision of education meant, not only to her generation but to the thousands of men and women who throng those halls today. She is still referred to in our trustee meetings and Dean Russell carries her spirit to us as if he only consulted with her yesterday. To have been such a daring pioneer in education as she was—to have glimpsed the possibilities that lay in improved methods and in the scientific study of education itself, always impresses me anew with the vigor and clarity of mind that could have grasped at that period the value of developing a research center such as Teachers College. The influence of that institution today is, I think, boundless, for, not only has it liberated education in this country but it has created a spiritual bond between those men and women, the world over, who have given their lives to the cause of education and who have received their

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inspiration and training here. And at the source of this great river of life stands Miss Dodge."

This "great river of life," Teachers College, has broadened and deepened through the years, even beyond the dreams of Grace Dodge. New sources of life have flowed into it; new prophets have come to enrich, by their message, this advancing educational movement. Now, to and from every corner of the earth there come and go "merchants of light" who exchange their wares at this international center and further enrich its resources. "And at the source of this great river of life stands Miss Dodge."

CHAPTER X
BUSINESS WOMAN IN
SOCIAL SERVICE

CHAPTER X

BUSINESS WOMAN IN SOCIAL SERVICE

WITH the heavier part of her work at Teachers College lessening, Grace Dodge began to look about her to see what other work she might do. The field of social service had grown larger; leadership was needed, especially the kind of leadership which Grace Dodge could give. Men and women were banding together to serve the needs of those about them. The era of social service was in the ascendancy. She stood, at the opening of the Twentieth Century, a woman of forty-four, strong, alert, with a wide experience and a deep sympathy. The leaders in social service began to assemble about her.

"Around a red-covered table at 262 Madison, the business of social service was transacted," said one who sat at this table and offered some of the more radical suggestions, Dr. Anna Garlin Spencer. Whatever the humanitarian cause, the adherents of this cause brought the business in hand to this red-covered table and it was attended to with dispatch and

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discretion. Some were radical enthusiasts, others were more conservative.

They enjoyed working together about that table, these conservatives and radicals and Grace Dodge. She was not in the least radical but she was open-minded to the views of radicals and sympathetic. Though she herself might not be a believer in these advanced theories, yet she often believed in radical persons. A theory without obvious human habitation would not necessarily have to be considered by her, but the moment the theory became housed in a human mind, it had to be understood, respected, for a human being was born of God. She liked to talk with people who held views on social questions that were in advance of her own. She was eager to get their views. She made them explain their vision from every angle and think it through into the future.

"To Miss Dodge I was a radical," said Dr. Anna Garlin Spencer. "I was a woman minister—and a Unitarian minister; she was a Presbyterian. She respected my viewpoint. She stood by us all and gave us wise counsel. For her generation, she was the business woman in social service. Miss Dodge was my spiritual banker, I have had no other friend in all my life so prompt and generous to help me assist those in

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need of aid. I did not need to interest her in those who needed assistance. She took me on faith and took them on my faith. To her we all went with the things that had to be done quietly and quickly. If the work required a meeting we met in her home. Only one request she would make of us, 'Let no publicity be given to the meeting.' "

Now and then a reporter did break through the silence and discover some convention assembling there, or some committee of importance in session about the red-covered table. One such reporter, who discovered these proceedings, had this to say to New York City:

"If you would ask the average New Yorker what woman is foremost in philanthropic work in that city, he would answer promptly, '.....' But were you to pursue your inquiry and ask, 'Who next?' he would hesitate a bit and finally answer,

" 'Oh, I don't know.' And if you were further to ask:

" 'What do you know of Grace Dodge?' he would reflect a moment and then reply emphatically,

" 'Never heard of her.'

"No one ever hears of Grace Dodge. Her name rarely appears in a newspaper, her picture never. The clipping bureaus have an empty file that bears

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her name. She declines all interviews. The reports of her work only mention her name among others interested. In the reports she herself writes she refers to herself as the 'former secretary,' the 'present treasurer.' All of her gifts are anonymous. Her beneficence, her own personal devotion to her undertakings, the untiring energy that brought her personally to help with every step, these make her worthy to rank . . . as one of the greatest women . . . New York City has ever known."

Into the business of social service, Grace Dodge went with a simple, practical desire to help her neighbor. But this was a very extensive program, for, living as she did in New York City, the great eastern door to the world, and being eager for facts and for making human contacts, her neighbors were greatly multiplied. Therefore, she had to follow a rigid daily schedule. Mrs. Spencer, who was often a guest in her home, outlines one of Grace Dodge's mornings: "She came downstairs at 7:45; she had breakfast; from 8:20 to 8:30, she talked with the cook; 8:30 to 9:00, she attended to other household business. At 10:00 she usually went for a drive, taking with her anyone who had come for an interview. In this way both could get the advantage of the fresh air and at the same time could transact business."

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"But suppose," Mrs. Spencer was asked, "suppose at breakfast you fell into some interesting conversation and you had not finished at 8:30, what would you do?"

"You wouldn't start such a conversation; you would wait until dinner or some social occasion. Her breakfast was a business woman's breakfast. She must get to the work of the day. If you were a guest and dawdled or were not down on time, she would send your next breakfast to your room. Once I went to Miss Dodge and said, 'Miss Dodge, I wish to discuss three things with you. The first will take thirty minutes; the second, fifteen minutes; the third will take longer, for we shall not agree.'

"Miss Dodge laughed and said, "'We shall take all Sunday for the third. Come out for the week-end, Mrs. Spencer.'

"She was a builder, very constructive, but she never saw the landscape. She missed some of the frills of subtlety, but this left the main issue clear; there were no sidetracks. She went straight forward."

The fact that she had wealth disturbed her. "I have no right to this inheritance," she would sometimes conclude, "but what shall I do with it?" Often she turned to the Bible to see if she might find light on the problem but there was no answer there which

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fully satisfied her. "I find so little comfort in the Bible for the rich," she once said to a friend. The story of the rich young ruler, she long pondered over; it troubled her. Should she go and sell all that she had? On the other hand, there was the parable of the talents. Her mother had believed that a person should use money as a trust. Though Grace Dodge followed her mother's teaching and consecrated her money and her energies to the needs of people, this method did not completely convince her. She never felt sure that this was the final solution.

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard thus analyzes her attitude towards money: "She was not warped by immense wealth. Some persons who give large sums to worthy causes are anti-social. She was not. She did not have to face the problem of wealth which we have had to face since the World War. Before 1914, the question one faced was how one should use one's fortune best. I think Miss Dodge would always consider the humanitarian side of a project rather than its financial significance to herself and others. She considered her fortune a trust and always used it as such without thought of self."

She went into business for persons who needed something that she could do for them. These persons sometimes grouped themselves about a common

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need and became organizations. Her diary is the brief diary of a business woman. It takes account chiefly of persons, organization, driving, and the weather. There are no revelations of fancy and thought. People *came* and *talked* and *went* and *did*. Such entries as these reveal the mosaic of her days in 1899, 1900, 1901, and 1902. "Consumers League . . . Municipal League . . . Interviews many . . . severe storm A. M. . . . People's Institute, Cooper Union . . . Teachers College disappointment . . . Metropolitan Museum . . . Gov. Roosevelt and staff . . . College trustees meeting . . . At Mrs. Lowell's [Josephine Shaw Lowell] . . . Rain after drouth . . . Lowell's, Dr. Gilman . . . Interviews . . . Jones P. M. Priest . . . Not find Carnegie . . . Dine at Macy's to meet B. W. [Aug. 19, 1902.]"

Such fascinating ingredients for diaries and all unused! What people she knew and worked with! That friend of hers whom she so thoroughly admired, Josephine Shaw Lowell, a person very different from Grace Dodge, entering politics, fighting for social legislation at every chance, writing back to the *New York Tribune*, July 15, 1892, to defend the rights of working men, arguing that their labor was as truly capital as the owner's money. What de-

lightful things Mrs. Lowell must have talked about and done!

"Gov. Roosevelt and staff"—No mention made of the fact that it was a delightful June morning, that the "staff," led by "Gov. Roosevelt," dashed up to Riverdale just at breakfast time, that she went out on the porch to review this gallant parade; no note is made of the spirited horses, though she must have loved them, no word about reminiscences of youth that they doubtless joked about. All this made a romantic impression on Mary Clarke, the laundress, but on the pages of Grace Dodge's diary, it is registered only as "Gov. Roosevelt and staff."

And, "B. W." whom she went to "Macy's to meet," was Booker T. Washington. She had heard him speak the day before and she had need to make haste to meet this leader of the Negroes, for they shared great interests in common, especially an interest in industrial education. None of the conversation of that night does she confide to her diary, though it led her to enter into the problem which he faced. She was later to say to a friend, "If these walls [262 Madison Avenue] could talk, what stories they could tell. Booker T. Washington has come here almost discouraged and talked of his work and of his vision for his people." Mrs. Washington, too, was to

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write later of what such evenings were to mean to her husband: "I know that Mr. Washington had the greatest admiration for Miss Dodge and her spirit of helpfulness in this great work of ours. Somehow, I feel that she not only encouraged him but that she gave him practical aid. Mr. Washington was not a talkative man. He was more silent than you can imagine. He held his friends this way. . . . Miss Dodge, also, was my ideal of a woman." But nothing of the significance of this evening does she think to put in her diary.

The nearest her diaries come to mentioning her personal affairs is in references such as these:

"1899—June 22—Hurt eye.

"1901—Dec. 25—Home and more quiet all day. Stiff knee, etc.

"1902—Mar. 29—Home all day sorting papers, settling office, and so forth.

"1902—Aug. 5—Ordinary day. Gen'l routine. Hair washed.

"1903—Feb. 10—Home, hanging pictures."

These remarks can hardly be classified as personal. They either refer to something she was doing or to something that kept her from working.

The fact was she did not have time to be writing

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in diaries. She had more important things to do. If she had been of the temperament that made rich use of all the diary material suggested above, she probably would not have been the kind of person who would have done all the things that suggest the rich diary material. She devoted her creative energy not to words but to action.

Grace Dodge was treasurer of the Municipal League to which she refers in the diary. Knowing of her work in this League, Mr. James Bronson Reynolds, secretary to the mayor of New York City, and also in charge of the supervision of the Bureau of Licenses, went to consult Grace Dodge about a problem which the Bureau of Licenses faced. Mr. Reynolds suspected that the licenses which were being granted employment agencies were being misused and he desired to have an investigation made. Grace Dodge, seeing that secrecy was essential to the success of the investigation, offered to finance it. She also assisted personally with sources of information which she had at hand. It was found that sixty employment agencies were willing to supply girls for houses of prostitution. Many were immigrants whose ignorance left them at the mercy of the employment agencies.

Since 1895, Grace Dodge had been a member of

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the Central Council of the American Purity Alliance, an organization which had sought to abolish commercialized vice. There was great need of such an Alliance, for girls and women were being bought and sold and this traffic was increasing at an alarming rate.

Investigation revealed that this was not a matter to be dealt with by the government of a single country. In 1906, at Grace Dodge's home, a group of citizens organized the National Vigilance Committee which was to cooperate with the United States Government to secure remedial legislation and international cooperation.

Dr. Reynolds, though not an official of the government, was advisor both to President Roosevelt and to the Purity Alliance and the National Vigilance Committee. He went on a world tour, investigating the white slave traffic. "When he returned," said Dr. Spencer, "he telephoned that night about ten o'clock, saying that he must see me and Miss Dodge before he left for Washington to confer with President Roosevelt. My husband and I sat and listened to his story until 4 a. m."

The United States Government ratified the White Slave Treaty which had been drafted in Paris in 1902 and accepted by leading countries in Europe. Dr.

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Reynolds gives Grace Dodge's relation to this work:

"There was launched, chiefly through Miss Dodge's initiative, the great national movement for the suppression of the white slave traffic, and our national and state governments were equipped with proper laws to make the prosecution of offenders sure and swift."¹

Other organizations were formed to carry forward the study of healthful and successful sex-relationships. Grace Dodge, the business woman, looked out upon these growing organizations and saw that they were cooperative enterprises with a purpose in common. She raised the question, "Why not unite these?" If they were drug stores, or restaurants or railroads or societies for the promotion of copper, the business men would consolidate them. Now, why not bring together these organizations, united by a comprehensive purpose?

There were the American Purity Alliance, which was itself a union of the Moral Education Societies of the early seventies, the purpose of which was to establish a single high, moral standard for men and women; the National Vigilance Committee, a movement to abolish the traffic in women and girls

¹ Supplement to *The Association Monthly*, "Miss Dodge's Contribution for the Moral Protection of Women" by James Bronson Reynolds. March, 1915.

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for immoral purposes; Dr. Prince Morrow's Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, an ethically motivated work to lessen venereal diseases; the later movements in sex education as exemplified by Dr. Galloway, Dr. Exner, Dr. M. A. Bigelow and others; and the new psychiatric approach to the subnormal and abnormal members of society.

As Grace Dodge looked into the future of these organizations she saw their interrelation. She did not see the fine points in the work of these organizations, which the specialists in the respective groups perceived, but she saw the big sweep of them, the broad outlines. The leaders of these organizations realized the value of a united movement, and about the red-covered table at 262 Madison Avenue they assembled and merged all of the five groups into one large organization, The American Social Hygiene Association.

History was being made around this table, international history, but no mention was made of it, no reporters wrote accounts of it. The stream of its influence was later to flow into world channels. Dr. W. F. Snow, who was called from Leland Stanford University and the California State Health Service to organize this cooperative enterprise, now serves on the Commission of the League of Nations to

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abolish the traffic in women and girls, a commission headed by Dame Rachel Crowdy. The American Social Hygiene Association is continually broadening its work in its educational protective, medical and legal departments. It is in close touch also with the British movement. Here in the United States it has had at its head such men as Cardinal Gibbons, David Starr Jordan and Charles W. Eliot. Back of all these was the hostess in the dining room with its red-covered table, a hostess, shy, practical, astute in large cooperative business concerns.

Jane Addams came from Chicago to attend these meetings on social hygiene, held at 262 Madison Avenue. Jane Addams and Grace Dodge had met in Chicago in 1893. Grace Dodge had also spoken at Hull House about the working girls' clubs. These two women who worked together for social hygiene were interested alike in people but, being different, they did not express their interest in the same way. Jane Addams was only four years younger than Grace Dodge, but she had a certain advantage over her in that she was born in Chicago. Chicago was of the Middle West. The Middle West had not yet had time to specialize in traditions. "They tell a story out here," said Jane Addams, "of the man who suggested that it was not wise to look up the history of

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one's grandfather." Chicago is a city of raw material, of production; New York is a city of the merchant, the financier, the organizer. One does not think of Grace Dodge's being at home in Chicago, though one would not think of Jane Addams being out of place in New York City.

But the cause of social hygiene brought them together. "Social hygiene was a radical cause in those days," said Miss Addams, "as radical as birth control is in 1925. People flung all kinds of remarks at us." However, they worked on at their meetings and then adjourned for luncheon together at 262 Madison.

A kindred organization was the Travelers Aid Society. Around Grace Dodge's dinner table the persons gathered who were interested in the safeguarding of travelers. This idea of service to travelers was not originated by this group. As early as 1851 assistance had been given to travelers when a man in St. Louis left one-third of his estate of \$1,000,000 to aid the movement of westward travelers. He had been especially interested in the "forty-niners." The Boston Young Women's Christian Association had begun, in the sixties, to assist travelers. The Society of Friends and the Girls' Friendly Society of Boston

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aided in this work. Later Jewish, Roman Catholic and Protestant organizations promoted the work among the travelers of their respective churches.

While this work for travelers was not new, Grace Dodge saw it in a fresh way, a bigger way. Securing the assistance of trained investigators, she studied the situation carefully. She reached the conclusion that there was useless overlapping of work. She saw no reason why there should be separate Jewish and Protestant organizations. Why could they not unite? Why should not both men and women cooperate in this work? To be effective, it must be national and even international. Such views as these were considered about her dinner table by Jewish rabbis, Catholic priests, Protestant laymen and ministers, and representatives from women's organizations. Grace Dodge was working toward the goal of one national, non-sectarian Travelers Aid Society, and gradually she approached this goal.

"In 1905 a committee under her leadership, composed of Jewish, Roman Catholic and Protestant women, undertook to discover whether the existing work in New York City was adequate to the city's needs. In 1907 the present society was incorporated, and in 1911 it was reorganized with both men and women on the board.

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"It was her dream to have every station and dock in the city covered day and night by trained agents speaking many languages. From the start she insisted upon a system of reports and records so accurate and detailed as to be a reliable source of information on any case which had received the society's attention. It is due to her foresight and close supervision that the New York Travelers Aid Society has become a resource of information and efficient help for the whole country."¹

While in Europe in 1910, Grate Dodge investigated the condition of travelers in Europe, studying the service that was needed by them. To be complete, this service to travelers must be a world-wide service, she believed. On her return to New York she was appointed by the Young Women's Christian Association as its national representative to call together other national representatives to create a new national movement of Travelers Aid Societies. This conference was not called immediately, for the work of uniting all the different churches went forward slowly.

But in May, 1914, before the San Francisco Exposition, the Conference of Eastern Cities was called in New York City, at which representatives from

¹ Supplement to *The Association Monthly*, March, 1915, article by Orin C. Baker, General Secretary National Association of Travelers Aid Societies.

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all Travelers Aid Societies were present, some coming from California. At a reception given at 262 Madison Avenue to the delegates at this conference, Grace Dodge gave the details of her dream for travelers.

"Dear friends, years ago I had a dream or vision of what could be accomplished for the protection of girls. I realized that our friends, our dear girls, our sisters who came from farm homes, who came from little rural corners of the country, who came from every part of this great country of ours to the cities, needed us, needed our protection, needed our friendship each step of the way. This meeting tonight and the conference that we are going into, is one step towards the realisation of that dream. I only hope that we shall agree upon some plan for facing the problem of caring for the girls who travel.

"I hope to see the time, as Father McMahan has so wisely said, when we will have representatives of our Travelers Aid organization in every nook and corner of the country. I see no reason why we should not have in the smallest village or remote rural community some one whom we could know as a representative of the Travelers Aid. We have many hundreds of such friends. I hope we shall have thousands, friends who will be willing to be called upon

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when we know of any girl who is moving into a community in which a representative lives, or is leaving such a community to go to one of our great cities.

"I feel so strongly that unless we have a united movement—a movement that will make it possible for us to reach with telegram or message, instantly, someone who can be called upon to help a girl, someone whom we can regard as our representative, we will not be doing our full duty.

"My dream of Travelers Aid is that people from all over the country will rise up and help us. Many cities are cooperating with us. There are women belonging to certain organizations represented here at this eastern conference who say they stand ready to cooperate. They are only waiting for this movement to become united, to become more than an individual work of individual workers. There are hundreds and hundreds of individuals working for Travelers Aid, but until lately there has been no close touch. We need close touch, we need unity. We want to feel that we are all working together for the girls of this country."

The catholicity of her views, her power of seeing future needs, her attention to details, in addition to her gifts of money, have made the present national

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Travelers Aid organization look back to her as its great leader and founder.

Much of her time was given to interviews. "Grace used on Saturday afternoons to invite any friends," her sister writes, "to visit and talk with her, which meant that each room on the ground floor and her study in the basement were filled with groups or solitary figures waiting to consult her." One night she left word with her maid that she could not see any one else, for she was too tired. Yet, after issuing these instructions, she continued to listen for the doorbell. It rang again and she heard the caller informed that "Miss Dodge would be unable to see her." But Grace Dodge herself hurried to the door to see what it was that the woman needed.

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, who at the time was editor of the *New York Evening Post*, speaks of such interviews with Grace Dodge:

"She was a very pleasant person to deal with. I have written her a letter about some cause and within forty-eight hours had an answer in her own hand. Perhaps she would say that she was tied up with so many things that she could not obligate herself to do more at the present but she would always say, 'Come out and talk it over. I should like to understand this.'

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I would go out and explain it to her. She would ask a few questions which struck at the heart of the problem and analyze the whole situation. In a wonderful way Miss Dodge set her life free to enter into the work of her generation."

Seeing the work that she did and believing it to be good, that pioneer women's college in the United States, Mount Holyoke, offered her at its seventy-fifth anniversary, the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities. A group of friends who had been her guests for the evening had just heard of this decision of Mount Holyoke's. As Grace Dodge stood in the lighted doorway at Riverdale, saying good night to these guests, one of them expressed the pleasure that they all felt because of this honor which Mount Holyoke wished to confer on her, adding, "You will accept it, will you not, Miss Dodge?"

"No," Grace Dodge answered. "I cannot accept it, for I am not educated."

CHAPTER XI
ARBITRATION SEASONED WITH
HOSPITALITY

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ARBITRATION SEASONED WITH HOSPITALITY

IN the year when Miss Flint was coming to the Dodge home every other day to teach Grace, aged ten, certain of the elemental necessities of life, such as spelling and writing letters and being on time and taking care of details, thirty women in Boston were organizing the first Young Women's Christian Association in the United States. While Grace Dodge was riding horseback over the hills of Connecticut and keeping her horse at Miss Porter's School for young ladies, the young women students of Normal, Illinois, were organizing the first student Young Women's Christian Association, calling it the "Young Ladies' Christian Association." As she was entering her work as commissioner of education in the city of New York, a group of women from Boston and other large cities was calling the International Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association at Cincinnati, a group which was to become united under the International Board. At this same

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time the student group and the group from the smaller cities were finding it impossible to affiliate with the International Board and were to become the nucleus of a movement, which would have for its administrative board, the American Committee. This was unconsciously the beginning of two parallel Y. W. C. A. movements.

As Grace Dodge watched these growing movements and as her knowledge of the needs of girls and women increased, she became more strongly convinced of the opportunities that awaited a group of Christian women such as were working in the group which was supervised by the International Board and in the group directed by the American Committee; but she realized that a great work could not be accomplished so long as these two Christian groups worked at variance with each other. From a business standpoint, it was inefficient; from a Christian standpoint, it was impossible. She spoke at their conferences and contributed to their budgets but refused to unite with either movement, believing that if she did not entangle herself with either organization, she could be of greater service to the united movement which she foresaw must come.

As she closely watched the growing complications between the two organizations, she saw that the

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crisis was approaching. In the winter of 1904-1905, the American Committee sent Miss Emma Hays to Washington, D. C., in answer to the insistent requests of some of the younger women of Washington for a Young Women's Christian Association. The Association under the supervision of the International Board already had a boarding home there, but it was, in the main, used by older women and it was not a place where young business women chose to stay. The International Board, however, insisted that Washington was its field and it secured an injunction to prevent the American Committee from continuing its work of organization.

This was the manner of the serving of the injunction. The women in Washington who had allied themselves with the American Committee had felt that there was need of promoting Christian fellowship in Young Women's Christian Association circles in Washington. Since the Day of Prayer seemed to be a mutual and safe occasion for the promotion of this fellowship, these representatives of the American Committee invited the International Board adherents in the capital city to a Day of Prayer service.

The International Board representatives were doubtless a bit nervous, with their injunction "hanging fire" as it was, but they could not refuse. These

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two groups met at a hotel. A woman lawyer was presiding. The meeting was going well until a messenger appeared at the door, walked up to the chairman and presented her with the legal greetings of the International Board. Now this woman lawyer knew an injunction when she saw one. There are many words which this chairman might have chosen on this occasion, but who can deny the appropriateness of the words she chose: "The meeting is dismissed!"

When Grace Dodge heard of this, she recognized that this was the crisis; she knew that a lawsuit would be fatal to the cause for which these women stood. Calling Miss Harriet Taylor, a secretary of the American Committee, she said to her, "I am going to do what I thought I never would do. I am willing to offer my services if both bodies wish me to be arbitrator. I have had the conviction for years that it would be my privilege to help in uniting these two bodies of earnest Christian women. The issue at Washington is not a local issue; it is of national concern."

"I went to Chicago to meet with the American Committee," said Miss Taylor, "carrying with me a letter from Miss Dodge to the American Committee, offering to help them in arbitrating the Washington situation." Mrs. J. S. Griffith, the chairman of the

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American Committee, had only recently come into the work and knew little of the old quarrel. With her fresh viewpoint she presented to them Grace Dodge's letter. This group of women that listened to the letter of Grace Dodge was aware of the significance of this offer. It was important to them to have Miss Grace H. Dodge make this advance, for they had long coveted her leadership. But to take the initiative again in making overtures of arbitration with the International Board? Never! The group voted unanimously against inviting the International Board to arbitrate. Three times the leaders of the two organizations had met at the Stillman Hotel in Cleveland and three times they had gone away with fresh grievances. But since the national convention of the American Committee was soon to convene at Detroit, they voted to have the offer brought before the entire American Committee which would meet at the time of the convention.

The American Committee held an afternoon session after the convention and the offer of Grace Dodge was brought up again. That same woman lawyer, who had presided over the Day of Prayer meeting in Washington came to present the Washington case. She had reason to speak with warmth of this occasion, and with great eloquence she pleaded

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with the Committee to offer to arbitrate the case in order that the young women in the capital city of the United States might not be deprived of the privileges which a Young Women's Christian Association had to offer them. Mrs. Griffith then said: "Vote as you think in your minds and hearts you should vote. Let it be a matter of individual decision." The vote was quietly taken. Unanimously they voted again not to take the initiative by offering to arbitrate.

Then the woman lawyer arose and gave to them an official opinion, "Ladies, I do not doubt your sincerity, but I do doubt your decision."

The committee went to dinner. Again they aired their grievances against the International Board: "The International Board is too liberal in its basis and would never accept our evangelical basis!" "Why, they call our secretaries a 'bundle of evils' and they're afraid the movement will become professionalized by the secretaries!" "And they are afraid of national supervision!"

These dinner deprecations were all the more vehement because the women who were repeating them were becoming less convinced that they were right. As the committee returned to its evening session, repentance was in the air. Some one moved to recon-

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sider the action of the morning in regard to Miss Dodge's letter. The vote was taken. The American Committee registered a unanimous desire to humble itself and invite the International Board to meet with them in a fourth arbitration conference under the leadership of Grace H. Dodge of New York City.

Mrs. Griffith then asked Miss Harriet Taylor to draft the letter to the International Board, stating the desire of the American Committee to have another conference. Miss Taylor returned to the Chicago office. As the stenographer went in to take down the letter to the International Board, she at the same time handed Miss Taylor a telegram.

In the meanwhile, Dr. Anna L. Brown, a secretary of the International Board, had gone to Washington, D. C. She had discussed the situation in a very frank way with Miss Hays. Dr. Brown knew that the only course to pursue was arbitration. But the members of the Association in Washington which she represented did not wish to submit their local difficulties to their national officers. They would not be "bossed" by any national board or secretaries! Dr. Brown went from house to house with her petition for referring the matter to their own national

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leaders, the International Board. In time, she secured enough signatures to justify a telegram to Mrs. W. S. Buxton, chairman of the International Board. Mrs. Buxton telegraphed to her board telling them of Grace Dodge's offer and tried to secure their vote in regard to the matter before the Detroit Convention of the American Committee adjourned.

But their final answers were delayed. "Did they want to have a fourth conference with the American Committee?" "The American Committee was too narrow about its basis, etc.;" thus, by wire, they rehearsed their grievances. Yet, finally, they voted for another arbitration conference, although the decision was not made in time for the telegram to reach Detroit before the American Committee had adjourned. The telegram was forwarded, therefore, to the office of the American Committee in Chicago, inviting them to arbitrate the Washington situation.

This was the telegram which intercepted Miss Taylor as she went in to write the letter to the International Board inviting them to confer over the issue at Washington.

Grace Dodge then invited the officers of the two Associations to meet her at the Hotel Manhattan

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May 24, 1905. Her diary at this time records these facts relating to the settling of the conference.

"May 17—Call at Man. Hotel . . . Errands.

"May 18—Home work. College Trustee meeting, etc. . . .

"May 19—More Riverdale settling.

"May 20—Wilson. Writing. Settling. Washburns, etc.

"May 21—Church. Writing. Quiet P. M.

"May 22—Writing much. Walk, talks, etc.

"May 23—Miss Starr (her secretary). Drive. Many letters & much thought.

"May 24—To N. Y. Conference Hotel Manhattan between the two Y. W. C. Assn's."

By one who would make a study of the method used by Grace Dodge in conciliating these two groups of women—each of which clung jealously to its traditions and its religious basis—this call at the Hotel Manhattan must not be overlooked. She was, first of all, a hostess and they were, first of all, her invited guests. The relationship between hostess and guest was to her an exquisitely beautiful tie; a hostess owed a debt of gratitude to one who would do her the honor of becoming her guest. These women who were to be her guests at the Hotel Manhattan on

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May 24 were charming women, even if they had not been able to get each other's viewpoint. She understood at what personal cost they had accepted her invitation and her heart went out in sympathy to them. As their hostess, she must see that all was in readiness—the flowers, the menu, the chairs, the room. As a guest in her father's house, Henry Drummond himself had taught her that "Courtesy is love in details." Her method of attending with love to finite details was her characteristic method of cooperating with the Infinite Love. This then is the significance of that line in her diary—"Call at Man. Hotel. . . . Errands."

As she greeted her guests at the Hotel Manhattan on the 24th of May, assuring them of the pleasure of having them at the conference, and as guests at luncheon, she was more than a gracious hostess. "She had a sheltering mind. . . . To every person conscious of sharp differences of opinion or of alien points of view, there was refuge in her presence. She was certain to understand. In the spacious roominess of her mind there was shelter for the opinions of all. Her hospitable spirit entertained them." ¹

For the opening devotions Grace Dodge took out

¹ Supplement to *The Association Monthly*, March, 1915, "Miss Dodge in Relation to Those with Whom She Worked" by Mabel Cratty.

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her little book, "Daily Light." Her grandfather had found this book helpful. She also derived strength from it. She read the prayer of Jesus in which he prayed that all his followers might be made perfect in unity.

She then went swiftly into the business of the conference, announcing that the business must be completed shortly before 4 p. m. as she had an engagement to drive with her mother at four. The arbitration conference was rather breathless with this swiftness of pace which she was setting because they had been accustomed to long meetings. She proceeded at once with this question, "Do you think it would be better to have one Association?" She asked this question of each of the officers of the two organizations of women. They thought it would be better to have one Association. "Then surely," announced Grace Dodge, "what the highest officers of the two Associations wish to be done, can be done."

Brushing aside all difficulties she came to the point of the meeting, "How can we unite?" The different bases were read. "Now how can these be united?" she asked. There was discussion but there was no pettiness. Grace Dodge never let analysis descend to criticism. After the discussion this unofficial resolution was accepted:

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"That we make the attempt of uniting all present Associations of the International Board and the American Committee on their present bases and all future Associations on the basis of the Young Men's Christian Association."

The committee adjourned for luncheon. Out of her long experience as a hostess, she placed her guests at the luncheon table. The food was delicious. These women found each other very delightful. They began to see the advantage of working together.

After luncheon the meeting was continued. Turning to Miss Emma Hays, Grace Dodge said, "Will you tell us, Miss Hays, just what you have done in Washington and what the situation is there?" Miss Hays did so.

"Is it your pleasure," she then asked, "that I appoint a person to confer with Washington on this matter?" It was their pleasure, and Miss Helen Gould was appointed to go to Washington with Miss Hays to meet the provisional committee. It was further decided to have the International Board continue its work in Washington and the American Committee proceed with its organization, the two Associations to be united through a Central Executive Committee which should conduct a united finance campaign.

There was no further discussion of the Washing-

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ton situation. The conference was free to consider the broader questions which had to be faced. They had as a background the unanimity of the morning; they had made up their minds to unite. Their imagination was stirred, they already saw themselves working together. They could not give up this new fellowship even as they were brought squarely to face the question of headquarters. The American Committee had its headquarters at Chicago with a sub-committee headquarters in New York City. The International Board had no headquarters. They mistrusted a headquarters, all the supervisory work being done from Mrs. Buxton's home in Springfield, Massachusetts. New York City seemed the logical headquarters, but logic was not the only thing to be considered. This matter and other sundering questions were not brought to a vote but were discussed later through pamphlets.

Grace Dodge was selected as the chairman of a joint committee which was appointed to continue the work of uniting the two organizations. The reports of the Manhattan conference and of the sub-committee were to be given in November, 1905, to the Baltimore convention of the International Board and to the convention of the American Committee to be called in Chicago in January, 1906.

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A few minutes before four, Grace Dodge expressed her pleasure at having had them as her guests and went to drive with her mother.

During the summer of 1905, the front porch of Greyston in Riverdale became the headquarters of the new movement. The officers of the two organizations and every woman whose leadership had been vital to the two old organizations, Grace Dodge invited to Riverdale, one by one. If it were necessary to pay their traveling expenses, she paid them, for she wanted all the different viewpoints, all the reports, all the statistics. The porch at Greyston was cool and spacious and comfortable. "Miss Dodge made people so comfortable," Miss Harriet Taylor says, "that they could the better contemplate uncomfortable subjects."

Another conference was held at the Manhattan Hotel, March 28-30, 1906. Grace Dodge's diary shows the same preparation as for the other conference.

"March 23—Drive Miss Field [Frances Field, formerly executive secretary for the state committee of the Y.W.C. A. of New York and New Jersey, later Miss Dodge's private secretary for joint committee work] Hotel Manhattan. Field. Writing. Interviews.

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"March 24—Interviews. Several at lunch.

"March 27—Home all day. Interviews. Mrs. Buxton. Miss Reynolds, etc. 34th St.

"March 28—Manhattan all day at conference. Quiet home evening.

"March 29—Manhattan conference all day. Dinner at Sherry's. 70 guests.

"March 30—Manhattan with guests and conference."

The Joint Committee rented tentative headquarters on the eighth floor of the Montclair at 49th Street and Lexington Avenue. At one of the meetings at the Montclair, there was present a Young Women's Christian Association secretary, who in great discouragement had just resigned her job. "I went up to the offices in the Montclair," she reports, "and, looking across the room filled with people, I saw a huge person, saw only her back at first, a large back, covered with a green basque. I giggled at this large, clumsy figure. Then she turned and I saw her face. Soon she began to speak in a clear voice that made me straighten up. I began to wonder if I had done right in resigning my job. As she talked on of what the Young Women's Christian Association might be, I was sorry that I should soon no longer

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have a part in it. I asked the person next to me who this woman was."

" 'It is Miss Grace H. Dodge,' she told me."

Preparation was begun for the first national convention of the new movement which was to be held in New York City, December 5-7, 1906. Miss Harriet Taylor and Miss Margaret McKinlay went throughout the United States, explaining the work of the Joint Committee and the program of the coming convention. At their discretion, they were to offer the expenses to convention to any who were especially needed at the convention. Grace Dodge's only instructions to them were, "Bring the women who are especially open-minded and have ability to make leaders, and bring also those who are especially bitter." The expenses of these delegates were to be met from a special fund placed at Grace Dodge's disposal.

In the midst of her work in this new cause which she had shouldered, Miss Dodge made this note in her diary:

"May 21, 1906—50 Birthday. Writing. Home duties. Family here."

She said to a friend, "I am getting old and it seems I cannot stand any more big organizations. The Young Women's Christian Association wants me to

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mold the conservative and the modern elements into one organization, but I am afraid I am too old, that I cannot do it." She wanted to give her remaining years to helping individuals. Yet she went over her old argument for organization again, and came to the conclusion, which she always came to, that organizations could utilize the ability of so many different kinds of persons, and made it possible for them to give their maximum service, and that organization safeguarded individual freedom. Perhaps she could help more persons by giving herself once more to the work of an organization. Thus her decision was made to give herself to the Young Women's Christian Association.

The convention assembled in December, 1906, in the old South Church not far from Grace Dodge's home on Madison Avenue. Three hundred delegates, representing both the old organizations, met to merge the two into one new movement. Grace Dodge read the final report of the Joint Committee and presided at this convention, though she preferred not to preside, wishing to be free to talk with her friends from the different sections of the country. She was no parliamentarian. Miss Elizabeth Wilson refers thus to this inability of hers, "I was horrified at seeing an amendment put off until the main motion

was carried and then called for and passed on as an amendment. . . .” . . . but Miss Wilson argues, “When she stood up, full of love and power and of a sound mind and said rather wistfully, ‘You know I never went to college, I do not know how to do all these things that you wonderful college girls know,’ you didn’t care how she conducted business, she got what you and everybody else wanted done, happily done and in short order, which after all is what parliamentary law is supposed to do and sometimes doesn’t.”

On December 7, the new national board of the united movement met in the offices at the Montclair and Grace H. Dodge was elected president of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations of the United States of America.

CHAPTER XII

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL
BOARD OF THE
YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATIONS

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PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

AS Grace Dodge faced her new responsibility as president of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States, she was confronted by certain limiting circumstances. She was not so free for work as she once had been. Her mother's growing dependence on her made it necessary for her to stay more closely at home. In 1904 she had noted: "Hand trouble and new secretaries." Her first finger on her right hand was stiff from writer's cramp. She finally consented to use typewritten letters in part, though she continued to address the envelopes with her own hand. She learned to take a certain pleasure in typewritten letters, explaining to a friend, "I like the dictated letters for I feel that you are not straining yourself."

She had a great responsibility to many individuals

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and organizations, for the roots of her life had gone deeply into many lives and groups. She continued to meet with her club, the Domestic Circle, composed of women who had as girls belonged to her working girls' clubs. "When we married and went into our own homes, Miss Dodge was there to get us started off right," these women say. "She came to call before I could get my sewing machine up the stairs," said one. "In fact it was on the stairway when she came and she followed it up and helped decide which was the best place to put it." These two letters, which were two of several written to a member of her Domestic Circle, show her method of following through such a relationship.

March 28, 1907.

My dear Mrs. Hankinson:

I thank you for your thought in sending to me the Easter card. I appreciate it most fully. I was so sorry not to have the opportunity of speaking to Mamie again as I left the other day. I was so hurried in leaving that I did not remember that she was next to me. Will you not give her my greetings and regrets that I did not have a good long talk?

Faithfully yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

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June 17, 1909.

My dear Mrs. Hankinson:

It was a pleasure to see you yesterday and I was only sorry that I could not have a longer talk. What we spoke of, namely, a mother and her relationship with her sons, impressed me deeply and I want to tell you how much I valued your thought. You have done more than anyone knows to make your sons true, strong men, for such influence as you have exerted upon them will never be forgotten.

I shall hope to see you again in the fall. With good wishes,

Faithfully,

Grace H. Dodge.

About this time, when Grace Dodge had to give up regular attendance at one of her girls' clubs, Miss Margaret McKinlay went over to her home. "Miss McKinlay," she said, "there is an abundance of lemonade and cake in the pantry if you wish refreshment." When Miss McKinlay expressed surprise at such a quantity of food, Grace Dodge explained: "The Catholic girls from my clubs have just been here to see me. They wanted in some way to honor me and thought that the greatest honor would be the securing of the blessing of the Pope. They had it

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framed at Tiffany's and took turns carrying it. I knew they were coming and I had prepared lemonade and cake for them, but I could not serve any food to them. It was no time for food. They presented the Pope's blessing and quietly left. So help yourself to the lemonade and cake."

In the midst of many heavy responsibilities, the new interest of the Young Women's Christian Association took root. She saw clearly the situation before her. She faced the fact that it would be hard work, as she wrote to a friend at Teachers College:

262 Madison Avenue,
S. W. Corner 39th St.,
June 10, 1907.

My dear Miss Daniell:

Thank you for your letter. It finds me here and I see no chance of our getting to Riverdale for awhile. I fear that it may be some time before my mother can be moved and there is every probability of our spending the summer at 262. The house is so large and comfortable that everything will move on pleasantly but I shall miss the dear river, grass and trees of Greyston. . . .

On Wednesday I plan to go up to the college, walk in the procession to the gymnasium door, when

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I shall slip back to Teachers College and not try to sit through the exercises. This will give me a chance of seeing the girls and some of the friends. I hope some time I may be able to share in commencement week by being present at certain of the evening parties, etc. It has been a great regret to me that I have not been able to do this for the past five years but you all understand why. I keep well and have much to interest me in relation to the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Association work. I remember so well our talks together about this over two years ago, and am finding what we then said true, namely, that it is a very hard position for me to fill and my views are so entirely different from the old régime of either side. I seem to be, however, the only woman that can harmonize the elements, and do the best I can.

With cordial greetings,

Faithfully yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

Yet, though she faced a difficult task, though she might be hindered by certain circumstances, her life was rich in assets for such a cause. From these fifty years of living she had emerged with a full and deep experience of life. She had the power and the skill to

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direct a large organization. She had so mastered the technique of organization that she was unconscious of the machinery and was, therefore, free to give herself to the purpose of the organization. From her varied activities she had come out with one controlling interest in her life, an interest that also lay at the heart of the Young Women's Christian Association.

"The one greatest interest of my life that dominates me completely is the American girl," she once said. "Anything that makes her life happier is something near my heart."

After her election to the presidency of the National Board on December 7, 1906, her first step was—"December 8, 1906, Interviews." The first week is filled with interviews with national leaders of the Young Women's Christian Association—"Miss Cratty, Mrs. Gladding, Mrs. Broadwell, Miss Taylor, Miss Condé, Miss Barnes, Miss Simms." She wished to have the viewpoints of all.

Grace Dodge wished to make the headquarters of the Young Women's Christian Association a great research center for the study of the basic facts that concerned the lives of girls and women; and through the national organization to make these facts available to all girls and women that their lives might reach their maximum potentiality. As Teachers Col-

lege had become the research center for the study of the science of teaching, she wished to have the national Young Women's Christian Association become the headquarters for the study of the science of living, especially as it affected young women. Experts must be selected to lead in this investigation work and other experts must be chosen to interpret these data and to make the results of these investigations operative in the lives of young women. She was gratified when Dr. Annie Marion MacLean of the Department of Sociology of Adelphi College consented to make a preliminary survey of "women at work." In the preface to her report of this investigation, "Wage Earning Women," Dr. MacLean wrote: "But in presenting the following glimpses of women at work, I must acknowledge my great personal indebtedness to the one to whom the whole study is due, Miss Grace H. Dodge, President of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations, one of the staunchest friends the working women of the country ever had. Her appreciation of difficulty, her constant encouragement and counsel, caused the hardships of the task to vanish and only the joy in achievement to remain."

This investigation did not accomplish all that Grace Dodge wished, but it illustrates her method of

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going at the job of being leader of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States.

Grace Dodge had a democratic ideal for the Young Women's Christian Association which was in advance of her time. She wished to have the girls who were benefiting by the Young Women's Christian Association participate in the governing councils of the Association. It was her belief that better work would be accomplished if the girls themselves shared with the older women responsibility for the work. Her long association with girls convinced her of their ability to conduct their own organizations. This policy was a step ahead of the prevailing practice in social organizations of this period, the generally accepted plan being that the organization should be directed by groups of older women. For example, before the International Board united with the American Committee to form the present national Young Women's Christian Association, the membership of the Association centers in New York City, which were under the direction of the International Board, was made up of women who supported it financially. The work was planned by older women. The local secretaries who were employed to do the work in the different centers were called "clerks." Grace Dodge

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was not content with a program which ignored the contribution of the girls themselves.

When Grace Dodge went out to the second national Young Women's Christian Association convention at St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1909, the first convention after the one in the old South Church at New York City, she looked over the personnel of that convention with some regret. These women were all right, "But," she asked a friend, "where are the girls?" There were no girls there, only the committee women and board women and secretaries. When she gave her "president's message" to this convention, she said:

"I once had the pleasure of organizing a club (a working girls' club) which we used to call, 'We, Us and Company.' We are the 'we' and 'us.' It is not the old idea of the board who will allow or will not allow you to do such and such a thing, but it is the We, Us and Company.

"And we have to take time for our work, because some of us realize that the great thing is to think of fifty years hence. We have to lay foundations not for one year, or two years but for fifty years. Our great movement is going to live for centuries. We have to look at this movement with a broad vision, to feel that it is not only what we want today; but what

thousands of girls will want or need in the future. . .

"Have you ever thought what the girls have who have given you your breakfast? I hope the time will come when they will be at our conventions, when we may have them in our legislative councils—our friends from the factory; we want their advice, to tell us what a great woman should be—they perhaps know better than we do—and we want to give them the best possible place. Can we not catch a vision of these girls? I wish so often we could forget the machinery of Associations, the committees, buildings, all those things that occupy so much time and thought, yet we cannot live without them. I wish still further we could have one service where committee, board members, and executives could come together and have a vision of the girls of their city or community; not only to spend the time in prayer but in some way facing the girlhood of their city, bringing before them some of the girls in the different industries, in business. We need to come in touch with the busy girls, those girls in the factories, in the telephone exchanges, in the telegraph offices, the great body of professional women. If they could march into this room today, what a wonderful army it would be, and if someone could stand in this pulpit and say, 'These are the friends who are asking for the

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privilege of the Young Women's Christian Association, who are looking to this body to see what you are to do for them,' I am sure that hundreds and thousands would be poured out in money, and the leisure women of this country would feel it was a joy and privilege to cooperate with these friends. You and I may have the wonderful sense of joy to feel that we are a part of that great army and are going to help serve them. . . . And what are we doing for them? Perhaps we have a small boarding-home when thousands are wanting a home. We cannot all go into the city problems, but we can think that we are privileged by being allowed by our Lord Jesus Christ to be perhaps in some slight degree the medium by which the young girls of this world can come in touch with Him, who has come to save them. Without Him, nothing is possible; with Him, all things are possible."

This "fifty year" program which Grace Dodge set forward for the years 1909-1959 was, therefore, that the directing councils of the Young Women's Christian Association should be composed of representatives from factories, shops, business offices, telephone exchanges, telegraph offices, professions, and women of leisure. This group of women should cooperate for the good of all.

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At Newark, New Jersey, November 30, 1891, Grace Dodge in speaking on the subject, "Cooperation, Self-Government, Self-Support," had given her definition of cooperation: "It is trust and confidence in the ability of those who have an object in view in which each one of us is interested, and then in all combining to secure it. Self-government means that those who are to be benefited should have a part in deciding what is to be done. . . . These words [cooperation, self-government, self-support] illustrate the Christian life and show us the doctrine of the church."

That is, every group must be represented and the interests of each group must be considered. If, for instance, the experts should investigate the conditions under which the girl who serves one's breakfast, or the friends from the shops and factories and offices work and live, and find that these conditions were unfair, all the group would combine to secure justice for all. Grace Dodge did not foresee many of the problems which girls would face during the next half-century; she did not even see some of the problems which were all about her. She was in constant conference with the executive of the Industrial Department of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations, Florence Simms, a

prophet in the world of industrial relations; but she did not assimilate the new ideas in industry which were coming to Christian idealists. She was to hear Walter Rauschenbusch speak in the spring of 1914 but she was to be disturbed by the economics of his gospel of the new social order. In regard to the possession of money, she had come to the conclusion that it was inevitable that wealth should accumulate in the hands of the few. The few who possessed it should use it not for themselves but should hold it in trust for all. Walter Rauschenbusch set the old conflict going again. She must investigate his argument and if it should be right then she must follow where it would lead. Though the roots of her life were irremovably implanted in the old world, her faith was ever with the new. But already it was 1914 and the year was hastening into December.

One cannot now argue for a number of Grace Dodge's personal viewpoints, but for her method of securing the viewpoints of all and of dealing with these fairly, and for the generosity of mind which she achieved wherein there was veritable solution of problems, one could make strong argument.

To make of the Young Women's Christian Association an extended council table about which would gather the girls and women of the United

States to consider, without prejudice or selfishness, every problem of life, and from which they would go to put their common conclusions into immediate practice—this was Grace Dodge's desire for the years 1909-1959. This was for her "the Christian life." To approach the viewpoint of God by securing the totality of human viewpoints and by dealing fairly with them—this was the method which Grace Dodge had learned from experience and which she as national leader recommended to the newly organized Young Women's Christian Associations.

But she knew that it might take fifty years for such a vision to evolve into actualities. She was accustomed to the long evolutionary process. Gradually the girls for whom the Young Women's Christian Association had been organized, found their way into the national councils. At the National Convention at Indianapolis, 1911, Grace Dodge was delighted when a group of gymnasium girls gave a demonstration before the convention. In addressing the convention at this time she said in part:

"Last night we had a wonderful group of girls from fourteen cities, representing different Associations, meeting to show how they studied life, how they grew stronger and happier and more joyful in the gymnasium. In one of their songs there was this

line, 'We need the Young Women's Christian Association's National Board'—and then came that delightful refrain—'And the Young Women's Christian Association needs us.' "

No wonder Grace Dodge salvaged these words from the gymnasium activities of the previous evening and made them sing their way into the minds of the committee women and board women and National Board women assembled there at their third biennial convention to consider the needs of the girls and young women of the United States. This refrain—"And the Young Women's Christian Association needs us"—was an historic utterance in the evolving democracy of the Young Women's Christian Association. This refrain was the first national voice which the girls and young women of the United States sounded in the councils of the Young Women's Christian Association. The words of their song were certainly not selected for their euphonious qualities, so they must have been chosen to express an idea. Nor are these words the petition of humble suppliants, meekly presented to the bounteous National Board; they are rather the daring proclamations of arrogant young prophetesses of the Middle West announcing the truth as they saw it to whomever it might concern.

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This voice of arrogance had delighted the president of the Young Women's Christian Associations' National Board, though her democratic delight was tinged, and always would be, by the traditions of *noblesse oblige*. She continued, "I should love to meet the girls up in the gallery yonder and talk with them upon what life should mean to them, and of what the Young Women's Christian Association can give to them; and then to say to them: 'You must give us more than we give to you.' As friends together we must all stand and fight for other girls, fight for those who are sadder and harder in their lives."

It is significant, too, that Grace Dodge sensed this new trend in this national movement not by a theoretical looking ahead, not by a conclusion logically arrived at, but through the everyday facts of her past experience with girls. She did not see it as a new trend, she saw it as "girls up in the gallery yonder." ". . . If I could," she adds, "I would tell you of some of my girl friends, those who have educated me. I was never privileged to go to college and to be educated as today young women feel they must be, but I started the petty responsibilities of life when I was very young and learned and gained by my friends. We studied life, the problems of life, to-

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gether, they helping me much more than I could help them; and I am sure if I could be in the midst of my dear friends up there in the gallery, they would help me and bring me inspiration. But we stand together."

Only fourteen years have passed since these girls of the Middle West announced in the national association councils that they, themselves, had a contribution to make; yet in this brief time a remarkable democratic evolution has been going on. The students, the industrial women, the business and professional women, have become an organic part of the biennial convention. In the 1924 convention, all these groups were having their separate assemblies, a truly "wonderful army" these, when gathered together at the Hotel Commodore for their one joint-assembly session. But no one stood "in the pulpit" and said, "These are the friends who are asking for the privilege of the Young Women's Christian Association." Grace Dodge was in error in this detail of the forecast, for the girls took the pulpit themselves and they had something of importance to say and said it.

Grace Dodge was eager that the program of the Young Women's Christian Association should be adequate to meet the situation which she saw it was facing and would face in the future. She desired to

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lay strong foundations. She believed that it was extravagant to buy cheap material for the foundation of so important a work. She had seen Christian work, especially the Christian work done by women, planned on a petty scale, carried on in a small way, limited by a meager vision. A woman had come to her not long since who was at work on a big Christian project. Grace Dodge had expected that the woman, in coming to her, would lay before her certain broad policies of future work, would show the large work which they hoped to accomplish and would then ask her, "Now, what part of this \$200,000 or \$300,000 budget do you wish to assume?" The woman came; she talked of small, immediate plans; and asked, "Now, Miss Dodge, would you be willing to donate \$50?" It was no more to this woman's discredit, probably, to have a fifty-dollar vision than it was to Grace Dodge's credit to have a \$200,000 vision. The respective visions were probably due to their respective environment and training.

But the fact was that Grace Dodge had in mind large dimensions for the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, a suggestion of which is made in these two letters:

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Riverdale,
New York City,
September 24, 1913

My dear Miss Geary:

Miss Taylor was here yesterday for the Foreign Department and after it we had the opportunity of a talk about the budget. I have had the experience during the past years of realizing that occasionally one has to be apparently extravagant if one accomplishes much. I remember so often the gentlemen in connection with Teachers College saying they would not be responsible for the increase in budgets, I saying that it seemed to me so necessary that I personally would be responsible. I also know that sometimes one has to be free in making budget arrangements when one does not wish to be. Remembering my experience with Teachers College, and how a generous plan seemed wise, I can not help but feel that it is going to be necessary to increase, in one or two directions, our budget. I know this is not your or Mrs. Morris's viewpoints, and yet is it not going to be wise? I cannot help but feel that we need the new student secretary for university work as well as Miss Burton for the missionary work. She will by her interest raise, I am sure, much more money for the Foreign Department.

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The Publication Department cannot as yet become self-supporting if we are to do the publicity work we should. I so dislike differing from you in these questions and yet cannot help but feel that it is wise to be occasionally a little extravagant. I do not want to urge anything but simply want to give my viewpoints. As I shall not have the opportunity of talking with you, I felt as if I would like to write these few words.

Faithfully yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

Greyston,
Riverdale,
City of New York,
October 2, 1913

My dear Miss Geary:

Thank you so much for all of your kind thought and your second good letter which has meant much to me. I appreciate what you say. God has privileged me to do much more than I would have wished to do for the national movement. I have realized from its start that without someone who was free to sacrifice for it, it would not grow and develop as it should. I think that you would have thoroughly disapproved

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of many steps that I had the pleasure of taking but I have learned so well that sometimes we have to be seemingly extravagant to be truly economical. Just because I have had to sacrifice so much, I cannot help but feel that just now when so many valuable steps are being taken, it will be wise to allow me to underwrite one or two more secretaryships. I spoke of this matter very frankly to the board friends yesterday and I find that they will be willing to have me do what I feel is so necessary to do. I counted on twenty years of more or less carrying the work before it was on a firm foundation. This is the number of years that I had the privilege of helping with Teachers College, and experience has taught me that it takes twenty years to build up a work to be left. If I therefore seemingly differ entirely from you, will you not forgive me and understand why it seems necessary?

Faithfully yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

These women with whom Grace Dodge differed were also accustomed to thinking in large financial terms, but they might well differ with her, for there was another side to the question. They, too, wanted to invest in a durable program, but would the dura-

ble program be that which would result from a strong national organization or from a more modified national organization? Would it be better for the Associations to struggle along locally until the day when they would arrive at national expression, or would it be better for them to be wisely directed by an adequately equipped national organization? The issue was probably not so clearly defined as this in 1913. The second alternative was the plan in vogue in other organizational circles of the time. Grace Dodge believed in the growth and expression of the local groups, but she believed, too, that this local growth and expression could be encouraged, safeguarded and coordinated by a well equipped, wisely directed national organization.

One of the most difficult pieces of work which Grace Dodge did was the reorganization of the Young Women's Christian Association in the city of New York. She felt that a plan of work for a large city should be demonstrated and she believed that the better plan was the metropolitan plan which would centralize the work of the various branches through a strong metropolitan board. There were others who differed with her. Former adherents of the International Board desired to have a federation of the city branches with no centralization of control.

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The Young Women's Christian Association of New York City consisted of four separate centers, the 15th Street center, the West Side center, the Colored center, all of which had been under the direction of the International Board, and a fourth center, Harlem, which had been organized by the American Committee. There was discord between the old International Board group and the newer American Committee group.

Grace Dodge believed that she was right and she wished to have her way prevail. Was she dominating? Perhaps. She had her way. Was she irritating? Perhaps. Some persons became irritated. Certain persons believed that she wanted to be president of the strong Metropolitan Young Women's Christian Association, which plan she advocated. She did desire to be president of this strong city Association. She loved the city of New York and the girls in it. She saw what could be accomplished; she wanted to do this job. "I should rather be president of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City than be the president of the National Board," she said to a friend. Yet she sent a message by this friend which was to be delivered to the city Association leaders if there were need of it. There was need of it and the friend said to these leaders, "Miss Dodge

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wishes to say that she will never accept the presidency of the Young Women's Christian Association of the city of New York."

Thus freed from personal entanglements she set to work to untangle the problem. One of the group who opposed her, who believed in the federation plan, writes now of Grace Dodge's method of settling this difficulty:

"I was very much interested to see how she settled it, and how her leadership came out. She was a very fair-minded woman who never took advantage of any one. She liked to get her way; and she always employed wise political methods. She always arranged a conference beforehand. . . .

". . . Miss Dodge was extremely anxious for a metropolitan system—she was the leading spirit in that. She called a conference of the leaders of the Young Women's Christian Association centers in the city of New York to see about the organization of a metropolitan system. Well, we were not all a unit about the form of the metropolitan system; there was quite strong opposition to the centralized system. All the officers of the Young Women's Christian Association in 15th Street were opposed to a centralized metropolitan system—they preferred a federation. Miss Dodge met that in a wonderfully fair

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way. I was greatly impressed. I was at that time in personal sorrow, and did not feel like attending any conference. I was sent for in haste by those in favor of a federation, 'We must have you at these meetings, so important. . . .' When Miss Dodge found there was opposition, she called for a form of federation to be written out, and we presented it. She gave ample time; did not hurry it at all. It was two years before the metropolitan system was decided upon. We had speakers from the Young Men's Christian Association on different kinds of metropolitan systems. . . . I sat by Miss Dodge at these meetings on the metropolitan system. I was in favor of the federation. I felt that with a Central Board having power, we could not form branches or initiate new work without its approval. It would have the veto power and hold our money. We had every side presented. There never was a fairer thing. Miss Dodge was gracious in every way. Then we brought it to our active membership (standing committees). It voted by a large majority for a centralized metropolitan system. . . .

"I am glad that I met Miss Dodge in that relation. . . ."

Grace Dodge, the merchant, found satisfaction in the \$4,000,000 finance campaign in 1913 which

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marked the close of the local Young Women's Christian Association struggle in New York City. This was a joint campaign between the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association and was especially for new buildings in the city. With all of her enthusiasm and her business ability she went into this enterprise which was of vital importance to many girls. The city was being filled with skyscrapers now, gigantic towers of commerce. She wanted to see in the skyline of New York City buildings which would be towers of strength to the young womanhood of the future. The campaign was carried through to success. At the same time she was carrying on the tremendous work of the national organization.

Her method of doing her work with the Young Women's Christian Association was more important than the results which she brought about by it. Grace Dodge had gone to work at her business as president of the Young Women's Christian Association just as the executive of a railroad would go to work. She had to know all the resources; she had to know in what cities secretaries were arriving, what new committee or board member was beginning a piece of work, just as the railroad executive must know what freight car was on what section of what

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track and what its particular capacity and condition. But as a person differed from a freight car, so her method of handling her work differed from the method employed by a railroad executive. Through her indefatigable industry she came to possess unusual knowledge and understanding. She always knew enough of the work of her staff and of the value of work to be convincingly grateful. This gratitude, as well as detailed suggestions, found its way into her letters, as in this one:

March 16, 1907.

My dear Miss Hays:

Thank you so much for these long letters. Miss Cratty and I value them more than you can know and just such letters help us in our work, for they keep us in touch with details which, after all, we must thoroughly understand to know how to advise our friends.

What you write me interests me extremely and I think the first meeting of the provisional committee was very wisely handled and I rejoice in it. I hope now that you will really rest longer than two or three days. Why not take a quiet week off and thoroughly rest? Such times of refreshment are of value to us all.

As to Kentucky and Tennessee . . .

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May I again thank you for your full letters, and trusting that you are going to really rest,

Faithfully, Grace H. Dodge.

As her staff had gone out over the United States to bring together incompatible groups, to organize territorial committees, to get financial support, to begin the broad program of the Young Women's Christian Association, they had gone strengthened by Grace Dodge's experience and understanding and commissioned by her great faith.

Though she had been concerned about the building up of a great organization, eager to make it efficient and permanent, yet the organization had been a secondary matter. The persons who were doing the work were her first concern. As if by miracle letters had awaited them at strategic moments. But her postman at Riverdale could have explained the miracle, at least in part. Of her, he said, "She was always waiting for the mail in the morning, unless of course a storm or something had delayed me. I usually brought her about thirty or forty letters a day and I took away about sixty or eighty a day, always addressed in her own hand, too."

The miracle lies in part in her industry and in her ability to work. From 1907 to 1913 the total num-

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ber of letters which she wrote is 73,110. This is in addition to her data, reports and Christmas and Easter greetings. If a traveling secretary were having a hard trip in some remote place, she would enclose with her letter a check, "to be spent for luxuries," and the explanation, "for I know how tiresome traveling is." As one was going to Europe for a long-planned trip, she received a \$100 check from Grace Dodge with a note that it was to be spent for "post cards and bottled water." "The friends at home" would be glad to hear from her, and one could not always count on safe drinking water in Europe.

If her "co-workers" came out to her home for dinner or for the week-end, a letter thanking them for their great kindness in coming would be received by them before they would have time to write their thanks. A brief note it would be such as this one:

262 Madison Avenue,
S. W. Corner 39th St.

Dear Miss _____

I cannot go to bed without thanking you and telling you how happy the evening has made me. I feel so much is owing to you and I am so very glad. . . .

Faithfully and gratefully,

May 20th

Grace H. Dodge.

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Her business calendar is filled with such Young Women's Christian Association data as these:

"Jan. 17, 1910—Ter. com. here—140

"Feb. 12, 1910—Stormy A. M. Miss Cratty lunch. . . .

"Feb. 16, 1910—Training girls dinner and Miss Cratty.

"April 17, 1911. Letter . . . Start for Indianapolis. [National Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association.]

"April 18, 1911 . . . Dinner at night for 170.

"January 29, 1913. Department of Method meeting, over 46 here—40 at lunch. Com. later. Talks Miss Wilson."

The members of her household also shared this personal concern for the well-being of the persons who were doing the Young Women's Christian Association work, especially one "Dunlap," the butler. After Miss Frances Field, Miss Cratty and Miss Holmquist had been out to her home, Dunlap went to her, troubled in spirit. "What is it, Dunlap?" she asked.

"Why, Miss Dodge, I am worried about Miss Cratty and Miss Field. Miss Holmquist seems to be holding her own, but Miss Cratty and Miss Field

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have fallen away since their last visit. I thought you might not have noticed it. Perhaps you had better see about them, for they need looking after."

Grace H. Dodge, overcome with this gross neglect of her duty as president of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations of the United States, hastened down to the headquarters of the Young Women's Christian Association, and was relieved to find that Dunlap had been unduly alarmed.

Until Dunlap sailed for Ireland, February 6, 1909, any Young Women's Christian Association secretary who had "fallen away" between visits to Greyston or 262 Madison Avenue, had something to account for. From a summer conference at Lake Geneva, Miss Cratty wrote this postscript on a business letter to Grace Dodge. "Tell Dunlap I liked the milk toast so much; it was the best thing I had tasted for weeks and it was good of him to think of it."

There were guests in these days who came away from a week-end at Riverdale or a luncheon at 262 Madison with new ideas. They naturally connected Grace Dodge with the ideas, as it had been in conversation with her that they had thought of these, but they felt the personal ownership of the ideas. Grace Dodge had a way of asking persons certain questions,

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the answers to which, by them, gave birth in their minds to an idea. After she had made the completion of the circuit of the idea in her mind such a person would not say, "I see your idea, Miss Dodge," but rather, "Miss Dodge, do you see my idea?"

For instance, in Berlin 1910, Miss Elizabeth Wilson, who was executive of the Secretarial Department of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations and was connected with the National Young Women's Christian Association Training School then located at Grammercy Park, reports the birth of such an idea in her own brain. "Miss Dodge," said Miss Wilson, "always took it for granted that we looked far ahead into the future of our departments.

" 'Dear Miss Wilson,' Miss Dodge said, 'If you should have a large building in which to house the National Training School, would you close it up in the summer, as you do the present one?' Later a second question was propounded. 'Dear Miss Wilson, what are you going to do with these fine professional women who will wish to be secretaries in our Association? They will be prepared to do the departmental work which they will enter, but they will need information about the Young Women's Christian Association.' "

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Miss Dodge pressed her for no answer, appeared only to be thinking aloud. In time, Miss Wilson presented a new idea to the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations when it secured its new Training School in the headquarters building at Lexington Avenue and East 52nd Street. "We should open our Training School to give summer courses here to the secretarial candidates who are trained in their own profession but who need to know the Young Women's Christian Association."

Was Grace Dodge herself groping about in the elements of the ideas or had she synthesized these elements in her own mind? Miss Wilson, herself, does not know. It was not until a long time after this that she even suspected that Grace Dodge might have had the idea herself and had it first.

Instead of the elation which Grace Dodge would have experienced in turning over all these excellent thoughts to the world, she had the compensating satisfaction that comes from making everyone feel a part of the enterprise, whatever it was. In matters small and large, she encouraged the contribution which the other person might make. On the way to the little Riverdale Church, she turned to the secretary who for the first time was spending the weekend at Riverdale, "Now, Miss Thomas, what kind

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of rug do you think I ought to buy for the large room?" This spirit of cooperation was also manifest in larger affairs:

262 Madison Avenue

My dear Miss Wilbur:

Miss Cratty has made me glad just now by telling me of her talk with you in St. Louis and of your letter. I cannot help but now feel that the Lord is calling you to this special service. It is hard for us all to have you resign the universities and I said *no* many times to myself. The conviction is growing on me that the [territorial] department is yours to develop. I am earnestly hoping that you will also feel this. The hand will not let me write, but I do want to tell you how earnestly I am feeling this and how I want your cooperation in the great Ter. Development.

Dear Miss Wilbur, a Happy Thanksgiving to you,
Faithfully,

Grace H. Dodge.

Nov. 13

The policy of work of the Office Department which became the program followed hereafter by

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this department of the Young Women's Christian Association was written by Grace Dodge, who was chairman of this department, and it shows the combination of her respect for organization and respect for an individual:

"1. That work should be conducted in a business-like, concise way. All details of office work and outside policy thoroughly systematized and yet not so systematized that the loving touch should be omitted.

"2. That the relationship with the staff from general secretary to office girl should be that of co-operative spirit, true justice, and a sense that all are working for and with the board to develop a great work. The office work should be a model for the Associations.

"3. That the spirit of relationships should be generous and fair; that all dealings should breathe this tone. In other words, that from the start of the work, it should be felt that this is a Christian movement, and that 'our basis' is being worked out in every detail, even to the courtesy and prompt answering of letters, and courteous replies at the telephone. An overworked, underpaid staff cannot show the Christian spirit."

The Young Women's Christian Association may

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some day forget the skilled arbitrator who welded two conflicting elements into a national movement; the seer who, tall and fearless, looked out over their heads to the future; the executive who never lost sight of the details of the broad policies; the generous giver who some may think gave too lavishly—but when the Young Women's Christian Association has forgotten all these things, will it not remember still a woman who lived at Riverdale?

CHAPTER XIII
THE INTERNATIONAL
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CHAPTER XIII

THE INTERNATIONAL MERCHANT

GRACE DODGE did not enjoy traveling. "Whenever Miss Dodge had to be leaving home for a long trip," said Mary Clark, "it would be just like my leaving Ireland. She used to say to me, Miss Dodge did, 'I'd rather stay at Riverdale than go anywhere in the world.'" For all travelers she had a deep concern and she was eager to have people travel, but for herself, she preferred to stay at Riverdale.

Yet she would eventually have to do business with a world. Her eagerness for complete information, for the totality of viewpoints, would necessarily force her into the current of world thinking. It was not necessary for her to travel, for she could visualize a far situation; the world's market of need, she could study at home. Leaders from many countries and the directors of international movements were frequent guests in her home.

One of these guests was Ume Tsuda, who at

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seven had come to America to study. When Grace Dodge was busily engaged with kitchen gardens in New York City, Ume Tsuda was going back to Japan to work for the education of women. She became interpreter to Prince Ito's wife and, from this strategic position in the imperial household, she began to look out over Japan, seeking to analyze the situation which Japanese women faced at that time. She returned to the United States to study at Bryn Mawr College and went back to Japan to begin the teaching of teachers. She established her own school for girls in Tokyo in 1900. In 1907 she went to see Grace Dodge to talk with her about the education of women in Japan and about her own college at Tokyo. Grace Dodge was a person whom she would go to see, for they had much in common. Ume Tsuda was especially interested in the education of the teachers of Japan and she was beginning to be spoken of as "Japan's greatest woman educator." Grace Dodge became, at this time, an advisory member of the New York board of the school and assisted with the college endowment, and she shared with Ume Tsuda the store of courage which she had put by for the need of any who faced new tasks, especially in the field of education. Ume Tsuda was again a guest of Riverdale in 1913.

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Mary Mills Patrick was another far guest who found her way to Grace Dodge's home. When Grace Dodge was attending Miss Porter's School, Mary Mills Patrick was going to the distant village of Erzeroum in Armenia. In time she had arrived at Erzeroum and in time she had gone from this school to teach in the American High School at Scutari. Scutari was no place for a small girls' school. "She could look across the Bosphorus to the European railroad that led to Vienna, and she could look up the hill behind her to the long road that wound to Bagdad. To the south the Marmora led to the Great Sea and out into the modern world, while to the north the Bosphorus flowed to the Black Sea."¹ This was an international center; Mary Mills Patrick began the work of creating an international college for women.

While this school was still struggling along at Scutari in 1899, Mary Mills Patrick wrote to Grace Dodge, asking her to help with the school, but Grace Dodge was busy with Teachers College and answered that she could not help her. After her refusal, however, the international opportunity at Scutari arrested her attention. She was struck with its strategic position in the Balkans. She saw that the

¹ Jenkins: An Educational Ambassador to the Near East.

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education of the women of the Balkan States would promote understanding between these small nations that found it difficult to understand each other. A better understanding between these nations would safeguard the peace of the world. She realized that this college at Scutari was a cause worthy of giving herself to, therefore, she invested herself in it and set to work to help actuate Mary Mills Patrick's dream for an international college.

One day Dr. Patrick came as a guest to Grace Dodge's home. They were two very different women, Dr. Patrick and Grace Dodge. They had in common a great interest in people and a conviction that education was a means by which people might lay hold of fuller living. Dr. Patrick, however, had specialized in the academic phase of education; Grace Dodge, in the non-academic. While Grace Dodge had been making practical experiments in education, investigating living, using her data for the scientific advancement of education, organizing and financing systems and schools of pedagogy, Dr. Patrick had been majoring in academic research though at the same time this academic work was being daily used in the life of the school at Scutari. Dr. Patrick had been studying for her degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Berne, majoring in Greek and

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philosophy, writing her doctoral dissertation on "Sextus Empiricus and Greek Scepticism."

They were indeed different people, Dr. Patrick and Grace Dodge. Dr. Patrick had come to her home that they might talk about the little college in Scutari. "I remember seeing Miss Dodge come into the room," said Dr. Patrick, "she was very tall, you know." This kind of conversation followed:

"Dr. Patrick," said Grace Dodge, "it would help me to understand the situation at your college if I could see your college budget."

The Greek scholar was somewhat at a loss. She answered, "We have no budget, Miss Dodge."

"A college and no *budget*!" ejaculated Grace Dodge in amazement. "A *college* and no budget!" she repeated, seeking in this manner to comprehend this unique situation.

Now, this college at Scutari had a great many other essentials necessary for a college, young women, from every Balkan state, who were hungry and thirsty for education, which they could find nowhere else, which women in their land had not known. Great resources of learning were at their very door, Mt. Olympus in sight, even, when the days were clear. Yet there was little equipment, little money for

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salaries. At one time Dr. Patrick herself was receiving a salary of only \$450.

Dr. Patrick hated money-raising; she had not thought in terms of budgets, for other manuscripts had filled her mind; old documents at Athens, forgotten Armenian parchments, the unexplored riches of the Turkish libraries. Budget was not a Greek word; it had no classical associations; she had not run across that word in her Greek excursions. Yet, here was Grace Dodge ready to help her realize her dream in the Near East and she was inquiring about a budget. Dr. Patrick retired to her room and produced with some accuracy the desired figures. She took this financial document to Grace Dodge.

With increasing wonder, Dr. Patrick viewed the magic of Grace Dodge's executive skill. The Board of Trustees of the college met the next day in the home of Grace Dodge, for she was now president of that board. Dr. Patrick watched her organize this board, appoint committees, assign work, expect definite results from designated persons. Dr. Patrick had never seen this done with such celerity, such thoroughness. "Why could I not organize my college like this, my faculty?" she asked herself. She did go back to her college and thus organize the work. She appointed committees; she assigned work; she ex-

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pected definite results along administrative lines from designated persons. The method worked; it threw into routine much work that had exhausted her.

Later, when Dr. Patrick went to confer with Grace Dodge about the American College at Constantinople, she went budget in hand, but she went troubled in spirit. Again Grace Dodge, after general and pleasant conversation about the state of affairs at the college, inquired about the budget. Dr. Patrick produced it, yet not with a triumphant air, for it bore witness of an awful default. She had defected from the financial faith. The budget showed a deficit. She could no longer procrastinate. The pure realms of thought she had to abandon in this financial crisis. Humbly, she said, "Miss Dodge, I have a deficit!"

"A deficit," inquired Grace Dodge casually, "to what amount?"

"Then a curious expression which I shall never forget," said Dr. Patrick, "stole over Miss Dodge's face as I replied, 'Three hundred dollars!'"

Dr. Patrick and Grace Dodge never discussed religion. To Grace Dodge, religion was a matter of personal devotion, personal consecration to the will of God. She translated her love for God and man through active work. For Dr. Patrick the greatest thing in the world is thought. To her "religion is

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thought in terms of God, and ethics is thinking straight."¹

So they did not discuss religion by means of words, for they had no common word for religion and God, but each time Dr. Patrick returned to Constantinople, she went with fresh courage, with assurance that came from knowing that a great faith was back of this growing international enterprise. They found more comradeship in the actuation of this international project than they had found in conversation at Riverdale. Grace Dodge did thoughtful work for the Constantinople Woman's College, as it came later to be called. The college was to be transferred from Scutari to the other side of the Bosphorus. In planning the buildings, some were of the opinion that one building should be erected to serve the immediate need and others added later as funds became available. Grace Dodge argued that this method was inefficient, that they should build in accordance with a more far-seeing plan. If they were going to build college buildings, why not build them to meet the needs of the next half-century, appointing each building for its separate purpose? Even on this side of the Atlantic she could contrast the small plan with the large plan. She could see the alternatives: on the one

¹ Jenkins: "An Educational Ambassador to the Near East "

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hand, libraries incongruously mated with dining halls and kitchens; on the other hand, the separate administration building, the dormitory, etc. The buildings are arranged by a concerted plan as Grace Dodge wished. Her thought for the college carried across the Atlantic, across a continent, and found expression in a well-housed college. And now, if the college kitchen wishes to prepare "bacon from Caesaria," seasoned with spices and garlic, its clinging aroma need not interfere with classical pursuits in the library.

A journalist's account of this college suggests the kind of a person this Grace Dodge was who spent herself so extravagantly for this college. He writes:

"One of the greatest influences for the advancement of women, not only in Turkey but in Roumania, Bulgaria, and other parts of the Near East, is the American College for Women, located on the Bosphorus about five miles from the Golden Horn and within easy access of Constantinople. This institution was founded by Americans more than a generation ago and has been supported by generous gifts from many well-known people of the United States. Among these are Helen Gould, after whom Gould Hall, one of the fine buildings of the institution, is named. Another is Mrs. Russell Sage, who gave her

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name to Sage Hall. Gifts have also been received from John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. Henry Woods of Boston, Miss Grace Dodge, and others.

"The college was started at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, but it is now on the hills of Europe looking out upon Asia and commanding a view up and down the strait. Its campus has more than a hundred acres of hill and hollow, and the walls under the great shade-trees remind me of those at Oxford. The white stone buildings stand upon hills, rising perhaps one thousand feet from the Bosphorus."¹

In barely mentioning her this writer described her better than he knew. She was not a person to get herself mentioned in dispatches. How extraordinarily skilful she was in disentangling herself from the work she did for Constantinople Woman's College when she barely gets mentioned by this touring journalist! He would have no way of knowing, of course, how Dr. Patrick in her need turned to her, how in 1904 Grace Dodge had served on the committee that reorganized the college and readjusted its program, how in 1908 she became vice-president of its Board of Trustees and in 1910 its president, how she had put at its service all her courage and

¹ *Literary Digest*, August 30, 1924.

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faith and business ability and financial resources until she saw it re-established in its new buildings on the heights of Arnautkeuy, equipped to meet the needs of the women of the Near East. These things really belonged in the story of this passing journalist, but how was he to know? He really did well to rescue her name from the anonymous nobility of "and others."

Grace Dodge's interests had a curious way of meeting up with each other out on the highroads of the world. For instance, Constantinople Woman's College reports that Miss Ruth Rouse spent three weeks at the college during the winter before the World's Student Christian Federation meeting at Robert College, Constantinople in 1911. Miss Rouse was the world secretary for work with women in the World's Student Christian Federation. This is the way there came to be special work for women in the Federation and the way Miss Rouse came to be the world secretary.

July 18, 1904, Mr. John R. Mott, secretary for the World's Student Christian Federation wrote to Grace Dodge, in part, as follows:

"In my judgment the time has come for a notable advance, namely, the addition of a women's student

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secretary for the student work of the world as a whole. Her relation to women's student work would be the same as mine has been to all student work throughout the world . . . The women's student field of the world is enormous. Such a worker would serve all the Christian organizations at work in this field. In North America and Asia that would be the Young Women's Christian Association; but in Great Britain and Ireland, Holland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Italy, Russia, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa the women's student work is carried on under other names.

"There is one woman in the world whom I have regarded as better qualified for this unique and difficult task than anyone else whom I know, Miss Ruth Rouse . . .

"I find that it will be possible for us to secure her services for \$—— a year. Her traveling and office expenses will be another \$——. I have been hoping that you might find it possible to assume her salary if not her traveling expenses for the first year. At the end of the first year you could decide whether you wished to continue to sustain such a relation . . ."

Grace Dodge replied to Mr. Mott that it would please her to help initiate this work among the

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women students of the world, to pay the salary of Miss Rouse and all expenses. And then she had a larger word to suggest to this world secretary: he was not making adequate plans for this work with women students of the world; he must think of a larger budget. "Miss Dodge went far beyond my request," said Mr. Mott. "Hers was the strategy of seeing more than one asked of her. She replied that if Miss Rouse was to do her work well, she should have a secretary to travel with her. This secretary would relieve her of all details and it would be a protection to Miss Rouse to have a traveling companion."

Miss Rouse continues this story of Grace Dodge's relationship to this world organization:

"It was little enough that Miss Dodge traveled about, and still less that she ever saw personally of the students in other lands, yet the world-wide Christian movement among women students today is in a very real sense the product of her life. Very early in the period during which the World's Student Christian Federation began to turn its attention to developing the work among women students, Miss Dodge's keen instinct for a great opportunity gave the Federation all the help necessary for pioneering among women."

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Of her method of work Miss Rouse reports: "She wanted to know why and how and where and when and by whom and in connection with what, and no relevant information seemed to her unimportant. Well do I remember, when staying with her in 1907, my fears lest I was boring her by what seemed to me my incessant talk about the various countries I had visited recently, and the shock I got when one of the National Board [Young Women's Christian Association] secretaries told me that Miss Dodge had lamented to her that I did not tell her anything about my work!"

Though she gave the money for the support of this traveling secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, she did not think this enough to do for her. She must in addition send her another check for extra comforts on a long journey. "I even remember," Miss Rouse writes, "her providing me with chocolate, as in a rash moment I had told her that speaking in the evening after an early supper sent me hungry and sleepless to bed."¹

As Grace Dodge worked for the students of all countries, she held the personal belief that the Christian interpretation of life was the best inter-

¹ Supplement to *The Association Monthly*, March, 1915, article by Ruth Rouse.

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pretation, but she did not insist on others accepting her view of life. In so far as she could she saw to it that the students had good teachers and well-equipped buildings and an environment suitable for study. If a student wished to be a Mohammedan rather than a Christian, it was his privilege to choose. In the last year of her work with the Constantinople Woman's College there were sixty-three Mohammedans enrolled, seven being supported by the government. Moslem girls came there to prepare to teach in the Turkish schools.

With students in America, she had the same respect for one's individual interpretation of life. A young woman whom she sent through Vassar refers to this quality of religious magnanimity in Grace Dodge: "Only rarely did she speak to me of religious matters. On telling her some of my perplexities—for example the question of the Virgin Birth she said, 'But Margaret, these things do not really matter.' Once again she expressed regret that I had never joined any church. She never discussed or argued the matter with me." She seems never to have approached Christianity from the theological angle. Christianity was to her a fact to be lived, not a system of opinions to be argued about.

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She was the kind of a person who would be asked to serve on the Educational Commission of the World's Ecumenical Conference held at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1910. This commission held a conference at Grace Dodge's home, opening February 8, 1910. For four days they sat about the table at 262 Madison and worked on the educational problems of the world which Christian missions faced. Through these days of work this refrain runs through her diary—"Five gentlemen lunch!" and on March 24 when they returned she enters the item again "Gentlemen at lunch. Here all day."

It was logical also that in 1907 Grace Dodge should come into the leadership of the World's Young Women's Christian Association. At this time as a member of the World's Committee of the Young Women's Christian Associations, she gave counsel in the development of its future. There were complexities of relationship, questions which involved the necessity of much wise forethought. She saw that in the extension of the Young Women's Christian Association through the world a serious problem was involved. Certain national Associations, such as her own national Association, had strong foreign departments which sent secretaries to

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other countries to assist with the development of the Association in those countries. The question involved was whether the national Association which sent out its secretaries should supervise the work of these secretaries or whether the Young Women's Christian Association in that country should supervise it. She was responsible for directing the policy of the World's Young Women's Christian Associations into the second channel. If the United States or England or any other country should send a secretary to China that secretary would be under the supervision of the Chinese National Committee. The work developed would be the work which the Chinese women themselves desired.

The threads of her world interest became so multiplied and strengthened in 1910 that they pulled her out from Riverdale and set her upon a far journey. The World's Ecumenical Conference was meeting in Edinburgh and the World's Young Women's Christian Association Conference was gathering in Berlin. She wanted also to get some data for her program for a world service to travelers. Therefore on May 5, 1910, she sailed for Bremen on the steamer *George Washington*. With regret Grace Dodge left Riverdale, for Riverdale in May is very beautiful. As she was driving away from Greyston, she turned to look

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back to see that all was well. As she did so something caught her eye that disturbed her. She had the chauffeur take her back to the house, for she could not consider world business with equanimity of conscience until she had righted this bit of domestic injustice which was obvious to her as she looked back at Riverdale. There on the line was the week's wash. She counted the large, starched pieces; there were too many. She sent back to Mary Clark an extra sum of money for this additional work. And then she went on her way to the steamship *George Washington* to set sail for Bremen.

The English party came on board, May 12, to greet them. Grace Dodge felt at home in this pleasant, first-hand company of a world. The diary records:

"May 16—Start at 8 for Berlin. Arrive 1:30. Hotel Continental.

"May 17—Settling. Drive and talk Cratty. Wilson. Mrs. Tritton talk."

This was her first meeting with Mrs. Tritton, president of the World's Young Women's Christian Associations. They sat down and talked together after their years of correspondence. They had no need to revert to small talk, for there were large common concerns such as Australia and China. Such

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a word as foreign had to drop out of their vocabularies, for there could be no *foreign* work in a world organization. Here was at last the totality of viewpoints. As they discussed these larger affairs, Mrs. Tritton found this guest from America "full of sympathy and charm."

Elise, her maid, who accompanied her to Europe, was extremely impressed with these European connections of the Young Women's Christian Association. The Young Women's Christian Association she had respect for, and to meet its world president was a great occasion. Elise loved the color, the air of festivity about her there in Berlin. She was not one who chose to wear the conventional black costume of a maid. She preferred to appear in a snuff-colored suit, and did so appear. This lack of conventionality may have subjected Grace Dodge to social misapprehension abroad: but it was, she thought, Elise's privilege to adorn herself in snuff color if she chose. Why should she have the right to decide the color of Elise's clothes?

This glory of Berlin Elise did not forget, and when Mrs. Tritton returned this visit and came as a guest to Grace Dodge's home in New York City, Elise so wanted Grace Dodge to buy a new rug for the living room but she refused. "Elise," she said, "when the

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Young Women's Christian Association needs so much, I have no money to put into a new rug."

Much of the world was crowded into these days in Berlin—the meeting with friends from all parts of the world, and her address before the audience of seven thousand people. That night in Berlin, when she addressed the seven thousand persons who had assembled in the name of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the world, was a majestic occasion, a superb and thorough gesture on the part of the Christian women of the world. As she faced this vast, galleried assemblage, she was not too tall, too large. This was a proportionate setting for her; in such a perspective she was at ease.

After Berlin there was London and her visit to the English colleges with Miss Rouse; then Edinburgh and the Ecumenical Conference. What a satisfaction it must have been that there was so big a thing as a world!

And yet it was with great contentment that at the conclusion of that world adventure she noted in her diary—"Landed at 8. 262—Riverdale. All well."

CHAPTER XIV
RIVERDALE

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RIVERDALE

RIVERDALE was the common factor in all of the activities to which Grace Dodge related her life. To Riverdale came the persons, the committees, the boards of the Working Girls' Societies, Teachers College, the Travelers Aid, the American Social Hygiene, the Constantinople Woman's College, the Young Women's Christian Association and many another organization. Grace Dodge did not quite trust an idea, nor a movement, until the friends of the idea and the representatives of the movement had spent the week-end in her home or dined there, especially at Greyston in Riverdale. When these friends and representatives had been dinner guests at Greyston, had spent the evening there until nine, and at that hour had been served with "Vichy water," then they were initiated into her full sympathy. Vichy water, served at nine in the evening, was a form of personal christening by which the representatives of a public cause were made a part of the company of Grace Dodge's friends.

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She early fell in love with huge committees, vast organizations, great enterprises; to these, she devoted the power of her affections. She had enough affection to love thus *en masse*. Committees and organizations and enterprises were safe to love. She did not trust herself to listen to great music, for it was too overpowering. She had fear of her strong emotions. She was afraid of dominating people, of centering affection on herself.

She loved *en masse*, yet, as all worked together the transparent simplicity and catholicity of her sympathies broke the group up into its component individuals. These individuals were her personal friends; these were related to the central purpose of living; these shared with her the great sacrament of life—work to be done.

To open her Record Book of Work is to enter into the secret places of her heart. In her joy, she entered there such items as these:

Great Growth T. C. New School opened
Growth of Travelers Aid
Changes & Growth Am. Vig. Ass'n.
Growth & Changes Nat. Bd. & T. S. [Training School, Y. W. C. A.]
Growth Am. College & Building

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Development Riverdale neighborhood
work, etc., etc.

She kept clippings of all the articles she wrote, the notes on every talk, a book summarizing her work on the Board of Education, records of printed matter and many other kinds of data relating to her activities. For twenty-eight of her busiest years there is a record book of her letters which shows that during this time she wrote 201,816 letters. This total does not include her greetings at Easter and Christmas.

Work was her bread of life, and all who broke this bread with her were her "dear friends." To these were 262 Madison Avenue and Greyston at Riverdale consecrated, but especially Greyston. There was a sense of well-being at 262 Madison and Riverdale when after strenuous activity there were guests to share the quietness and leisure, as is recorded on February 23, 1925—"Spoke twice, Luncheon Acorn Club. Returned at six. All well. Miss Cratty with me." A guest completed a day of work and filled to overflowing the measure of her gratitude towards life.

Those who served in her household also knew themselves to be of the company of her friends. "We all worked," said Mary Clark, "and Miss Dodge

more than any of us, though she worked upstairs and at different things like the writing and the meetings and all the people who came to see her, but we never felt that we were in service. Of course, what with our being all kinds of people, those of us who worked downstairs, English, Irish, German and the like, we did have our little arguments, but these weren't serious."

All who lived under her roof were a part of the enterprise. "When she came home from the big meetings, she would tell us all the little things of interest that happened," said Ellen her maid. "We didn't ever feel like servants. One day she called us all together and said, 'Now we have a big house here and many guests come. I want you to take pleasure in having them, for they are your guests, too. Would you like the guests who come to pay me money when they leave?'

" 'Of course, we wouldn't,' we said.

" 'Then, if they are your guests, too, you wouldn't want to take money, either, would you?'

"We agreed that we would not want to take money from our guests. We told her we all wanted to help make Riverdale a home where all the people would wish to come. 'But,' some one asked, 'how could we make people know that we do not want fees?'

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We discussed that and decided to put up little cards in the guest rooms, which should announce that no fees should be given to members of the household. We got some cards which were a little larger than a visiting card, about the size of an invitation, and we put them in all the rooms."

When Miss Helen Davis of the Young Women's Christian Association once went to Riverdale to consult Grace Dodge on some business of the Association, she found her and Painter, the butler, deeply absorbed in the map of Canada. "Painter has never been to Canada," she explained, "and he is English. I think he should go there for his vacation, so we were planning his trip."

" 'It's good there's a stepladder in the house,' she used to say to Elise and me when we were cleaning and couldn't reach the high things," said Ellen. "When she was about, she always reached the books and pictures which we couldn't even touch, and I'm not so small either." In proof of which Ellen stood up to her full height. "Yet I did have such trouble with the top hooks on her dress when I fastened it up. I had to stand on tiptoe. She was always jokin' about how big she was.

" 'Ellen,' Miss Dodge one time asked me, 'why don't you get married and have your own home?'

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" 'I? No man would be asking me to marry him, Miss Dodge. But you aren't married yourself, Miss Dodge. Why didn't you marry some man?'

" 'I was too busy, Ellen,' she said."

John Beatty, the gardener of her household, had been a worthy ambassador from Greyston to the community at Riverdale. His greenhouse friendliness had flowered beyond all expectations. Not many libraries, nor many neighborhood centers have the distinction of being so well-born as the Riverdale Public Library and the Riverdale neighborhood house, for these community institutions can boast of a gorgeous ancestry—yellow chrysanthemums and pink carnations, lilies of the valley and sweet alyssum. Such a library would have to grow, such a community center would have to widen until it reached a whole community.

This community interest at Riverdale was a pleasure to Grace Dodge, for she took great pride in Riverdale. She bought all of her stamps at the little Riverdale post-office, so that its yearly receipts would be larger. The postman was more of a community caller than a postman. The way he talks about being her postman makes one infer that when he reached Greyston on his rounds, he felt that it was a better thing than he had thought to be a postman.

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"There's one thing about Greyston," said the Riverdale postman, "everybody's just as good as everybody else there. Once I went by to take the mail and Mrs. Cleveland H. Dodge said to me, 'If you had just been here a little earlier, Mr. McNalley, you could have met President Woodrow Wilson.'"

Grace Dodge used to ride over in "Irish town" and all the children would stand out and watch for her. She rode a spirited black horse. Everyone knew her and she often stopped her horse to talk with them.

Intimate, also, in the daily affairs of her household were "Bijou and Peter." Bijou was an infinitesimal white dog and Peter a large, grey, Persian cat. Bijou fluffed about Grace Dodge's feet like an extra ruffle, and hovered there like a fallen chrysanthemum. His smallness, in comparison to herself, continually amused her.

But if Bijou was small and comic, Peter was large and stately, a worthy character that would be at ease in any account of the great organizations whether it be a Japanese school for girls or a college on the Bosphorus. Peter, imposing figure that he was, delighted to follow in the wake of Painter as he brought in the Vichy water in the evening. Peter

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lived a charmed existence at 262 Madison in the winter and at Greyston on the Hudson in summer. But after Grace Dodge assumed the presidency of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations, the social career of Peter was thwarted. It is true he emerged victorious from one conflict with the Young Women's Christian Association, but that was in the early days. On account of lack of room at the 27th Street headquarters, one of the secretaries had moved her office to the ground floor of Grace Dodge's home at 262 Madison. This secretary had a great antipathy for cats. Peter, however, moved heroically through this storm, Grace Dodge finding an office for this secretary in another building. But later when Miss Cratty and Peter came into conflict, Peter did not fare so well. Miss Cratty had an intense aversion to cats of any and all descriptions. For Peter, life became different; he was demoted to the basement during Miss Cratty's visits, being allowed out for air only after she had retired.

Aristocratic as Peter was, however, he never had one honor which was conferred upon Bijou; he was never mentioned in the red leather diaries along with Governor Roosevelt and staff and Boston conventions and the trustees of Teachers College, as was Bijou. "June 29—Quiet Sunday, Bijou returned.

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Talk with friends." Quite a triumph, this, for a small white dog.

Children were frequent guests in her home. All through the daily records of heavy activities there runs a note of sheer enjoyment. "Children at tea." Perhaps it was that her simplicity and concreteness were at home in such company, her faith understood. The young nieces and nephews trooped in from their play over the hills of Riverdale to find her behind her lovely tea service.

There was also Jean Clemens, the friend of Elizabeth Dodge. Jean's father (Mark Twain) contributed, not tea, but stories that matched any cakes at tea, for, in addition to his ability to tell stories, he had a fascinating way of running his hands through his hair and making it stand on end. But once Jean became too ill to play, suffering from pneumonia. Mrs. Clemens was also very ill, so ill that Mr. Clemens did not dare to answer her question, "Where is Jean?"

"Jean," he answered, "running his hands through his hair in his playful manner, "why Jean is over on the hill, playing with the Dodge children!"

"This is the institution of *holy lying*," he explained to them later.

After the nieces and nephews grew up, the neigh-

bor's children came in to tea. Little Diana Dodge, a grandniece, made her first appearance at Riverdale, May 11, 1911. During the next three years, Diana was a necessary part of her aunt's home.

"Many's the time I used to come into this room," said Ellen, "and find Miss Dodge a pretendin' to be asleep on the couch. Diana would be walking up and down the room, saying, 'Now you are asleep on the train, Aunt Grace. You're taking a long trip.' Then she would call out, 'Breakfast is served in the dining-car!' and she would take Miss Dodge into the next room to eat breakfast. But always when she had finished playing, she would shout, 'Riverdale! Riverdale! We're home at Riverdale, Aunt Grace.'

"At five o'clock in the afternoon we dressed Diana, usually in a white dress, and brought her down to have tea with her aunt. She was only allowed to have crackers, no cakes. But one afternoon Miss Dodge was talking with a guest and put down her cake. Diana took it, ate it quickly, and with a great stir picked up her petticoat and wiped her mouth. Miss Dodge pretended that she did not see Diana.

"One evening Miss Dodge came down wearing a green velvet dress. Diana went to her and patted the soft velvet, 'Pretty dress, like mother's.'

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" 'But your mother is beautiful, Diana, and I am an ugly old lady,' Miss Dodge reminded her.

" 'No,' Diana swiftly refuted, 'you are pretty like mother.' "

Diana at fourteen now recalls, in part, these days at Riverdale:

"I remember when I was just able to put on my socks, and Aunt Grace told me I was so grown up.

"I can still see Aunt Grace sitting in the evenings, in a huge armchair, in a green velvet dress. I believe it had a large lace collar."

But with all the people that thronged her life, with her home overflowing with guests, with all her joy in her work, she was lonely. "In spite of her world-wide and absorbing interests," writes her sister, "I used to feel that there was a loneliness in her life from start to finish." One who knew her better than the others, said, "She was the loneliest person I ever knew." She was destined to be lonely, for she had the limitation of not being able to be given unto.

A great refreshment of spirit came to her in the gladness which she found in giving to other persons. It was a form of recreation as golf might be for another, or the theatre, or bridge parties. If she were tired, or were finding too little zest in life, she would think up some new thing to do for a person or give

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to a person. She would decide to send some one through Vassar or she would sit down and write such letters as these:

Dear Miss Daniell:

At Aitkens today I saw such a pretty waist that I felt it was made for you, so sent it up. . . . If too small tell me. It is a joy to feel that now and then I can have a "bit of fun" and not have all too prosaic.

Faithfully,

Grace H. Dodge.

October 20

Dear Miss ———:

I have just heard that Miss ——— is going to Europe and I want so much to have you to go too. It will mean much to me to feel that Miss ——— is not alone. Also, I cannot help but feel that every few years such a trip will do you good. I want to go myself this year but as I cannot, will you not be my substitute? . . . I only wish I had known this before. I rejoice more than I can say at this opportunity of having a substitute. Have wanted one all spring and offered to send another friend but someone else got ahead of me. Now do let me have this great pleasure.

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. . . Please let it be yes. A procession is passing and I find it hard to write so please let this short letter tell you of my pleasure that you will let me feel that you can be my substitute. All sorts of good cheer and do go.

Faithfully yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

And if she were sending one through Vassar, she must take her on motor trips or invite her to New York for the week-end. Perhaps it was a dinner-party as one such Vassar student describes:

"Miss Dodge had a dinner party of young people for me once (November, 1914). Her reserve was of that kind which did not cast any shadows over young people in her presence. There could not have been a noisier, gayer crowd than we were, most of us girls and boys whom she had never met. She sat at the head of the table, the only older person in the group. She seemed fairly to glow with the interest and sympathy and enjoyment which she felt in us all."

But for herself she accepted nothing. As a child, she had not found self-contemplation a happy occu-

pation, and she had permanently given it up. She had forgotten to think of herself. As she grew older she neglected to cultivate the art of being *given to*. At one time when she went to Washington she decided not to take her maid with her. Miss Helen Davis, who accompanied her on this trip, was pleased that for once she would have the privilege of helping her. She planned how she would help her unpack her things and hook her dress for her in the mornings. But before Miss Davis thought it time to call Grace Dodge, Grace Dodge, fully dressed, knocked on her door asking, "May I hook you up, Miss Davis?" She deprived her friends of the privilege of returning favors, but her life-long habit made her helpless in this regard.

If others were distressed there was no love too lavish for their need. While working one day in the Office Department of the Young Women's Christian Association, one of the office staff received a telephone call that her mother was very ill. "Miss Dodge was looking at me as I answered the 'phone," she said. "She saw my face and asked if anything were wrong, but I could not answer. She came over to me and took me in her arms and poured out the great richness of her love. The world seemed altogether right and there was safety and sureness."

"She was a great healer of souls," said Rebekah Kohut, the president of the New York Section of the Council of Jewish Women, who had found in Grace Dodge renewed courage to live through difficult circumstances. Once when Grace Dodge had healed her soul when it had especial need of healing, Grace Dodge said to her that "she might ask the same privilege of me [Rebekah Kohut]—as if Grace Dodge could ever have personal problems! I believe she never existed in her own self-consciousness."¹ But she did at times, and then her interest in great causes did not quite satisfy her. She wanted something which she did not have and she knew not where to search for it. She had never found an outlet through books and they did not satisfy her now. She had been, to hundreds of persons, the shelter of a rock in a weary land but never had she herself found refuge in personal relationships. She stood alone except for her communion with the universal heart of humanity. And back of humanity stood God.

With the coming of December, 1914, she began to plan for the holidays, but with a heavy heart. It was no time for extravagant parties, for the war in Europe was a terrible thing to her. She suffered with all her friends in France, Germany, England, Turkey,

¹ Rebekah Kohut, "My Portion."

Italy. Her college friends in Constantinople were on her heart. New teachers must go out to the college if the work were to go on but how dare she take the responsibility of sending them? The World's Student Christian Federation, the World's Young Women's Christian Association—how could they carry on Christian work when these countries were so embroiled in hatred and destruction of each other?

The foreign students of the Cosmopolitan Club were accustomed to have their Christmas party in her home. These students from other countries had been her special interest. They must be made to feel at home as they never had before, for they were saddened and troubled in the face of the World War. They must find sympathy in her home. They would come Saturday, December 26.

She busied herself also in making plans for her other friends during the holidays.

My dear Miss Daniell:

I hope that next Tuesday (Dec. 29th) will be as beautiful a day as today and I shall anticipate having the motor up for you about six o'clock and trust that everything will be bright and well. I know how much you will do for all the girls during the holiday season and thank you so much for all your care. If it

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should prove a very stormy, slippery day it may not seem quite wise to have the motor come up but I hope it will not be.

Faithfully yours,

Grace H. Dodge.

On Saturday morning, December 26, she dictated letters, especially planning for the new work of the Travelers Aid Society. She wanted to give a great deal of time during the next ten years to the Travelers Aid. There was consternation in the household, however, when Painter on Saturday began to make ready her lunch on a tray. She had never within the memory of any in the household had a meal served on a tray. As if in protest against this humiliation, she sat up in a chair for this luncheon. Diana, who was now about four years old, came in to say a Christmas piece she had learned.

"Why does Aunt Grace look so sad?" Diana inquired.

"Because she cannot see you, Diana," one of the household explained. "She is growing blind."

She could not see to write any more letters, and her fingers were stiffening. She put the letters away. The foreign students came as her guests, but she could not

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get down to greet them. She dressed but she could not get downstairs. Twice she sent her greetings to them and apologized for not coming down. After they had gone away, Mrs. Harry Edmonds went up to see her. Grace Dodge asked, "How did the party go?" She regretted so not having seen the "dear students, . . . and were they happy?"

Sunday morning, December 27, the editors of the daily papers turned to their Dodge files to see what this woman had given her life to, but they found little data. Certain editors found a remark, made by J. Pierpont Morgan, which the newspapers quoted widely, "She [Grace H. Dodge] had the finest business brain in the United States, not excepting that of any man."

On this Sunday, too, the president of the Blue Bird Club at Riverdale Neighborhood House sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, telling him how all of Riverdale would miss his sister. "The Blue Birds have not yet had time to call a meeting Mr. Dodge, but I decided to write on my own responsibility, for I knew the girls would all want me to tell you how much we love her here at Riverdale."

The genius of Grace Hoadley Dodge had been her

power of seeing people vividly and her ability to capitalize and conserve this vision for the enrichment of the life of her own and later generations. As the artist is aware of a beauty invisible to others, as the prophet is conscious of a relationship between man and the universe to which others are insensible, so Grace Hoadley Dodge was sensitive to the value of a person with an intensity of appreciation that is rarely achieved. Her life was so nicely attuned to the Infinite Goodness that she could detect the latent goodness in a person. There was in her some quality of life that accentuated magnanimity and re-enforced courage, some sense of eternity in her heart that made her seek to conserve all that seemed worthy of perpetuity.

Redwood Library

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